The Nation

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The Week

President Wilson's plain words about the pressure of selfish interests upon Congress to defeat the moderate reduction of the tariff proposed by the Underwood bill, are significant both for what they say and what they imply. It is known that for some time specific evidence has been coming to him of the truth of what he asserts. But his blunt utterance will of itself do a great deal to thwart the secret efforts of which he speaks. His deliverance will have a double effect. It will serve notice on the tariff lobbyists that their schemes are under close observation. And it will be a constant warning, and a kind of useful external conscience, to members of Congress who are exposed to temptation. They will know that any swerving on their part will subject them to the most odious suspicion. And behind all there is seen the obvious readiness of Mr. Wilson to be "a talking President" in this matter of tariff revision; one who will blurt out his opinion about men as well as about measures, and who will, if necessary, go straight to the country with his appeals.

There are lobbyists and lobbyists. By no means all of the men who go to Washington to get a hearing on the tariff rates affecting their own business are either dishonorable in their motives or subterranean in their methods. Some of them go openly to committee rooms to make their errands known. And when they do this in the spirit of offering information for the framers of the bill, pointing out, perhaps, oversights or inconsistencies or injustices or unworkable provisions in the measure as it passed the House, they not only are entitled to consideration, but are doing a public service. It is, however, to wholly different procedures that President Wilson alludes. The men whom he has in his eyes are, first, those gentlemen who, without any visible occupation, live well in Washington hotels and profess to have political "influence" at their disposal. There is no question of open corruption. Only, the "right" man is to be employed to get the matter properly presented to the committee, or to see that the thing is considered privately—and, of course, disinterestedly—by the Senators who will have most to say. Then there are the gentry who have advantageous personal relations with important legislators. In addition, there are the agents who ply the press with arguments and advertisements. And, lastly, far away from Washington there are the little organizations in Boston and New York and Philadelphia and Chicago and San Francisco that quietly raise money and have their meetings and send their letters and telegrams to Washington, all in the belief that if only the weakest point in the line of resistance can be pressed upon hard enough, the Administration's tariff plans may be brought to the ground.

Republican reorganization and harmony are approaching rapidly—on paper. Senators of both wings of the party are daily and amicably conferring, and the National Committee is favorably considering a plan to have a National Convention next year, at which the question of the representation of Southern States may be settled, and as many other roots of bitterness removed as possible. On all sides the disposition is to forget past differences and to unite for the future. Even those who do not believe in the need of the proposed party reforms are keeping civil tongues in their heads. Chairman Barnes was expected to make an angry retort to the suggestion that he should take himself out of the way of the chariot of progress, but he contents himself with a dry statement of his intention to call a meeting of the State Committee directly after the extra session of the Legislature. From Washington, where the chief get-together efforts are under way, all is grace, mercy, and peace, with a dash of new hope for the future. All the reports indicate that the Republican lion and lamb are preparing to lie down together. But where is the little child that shall lead them?

Wherever the Highland chief sits is the head of the table, and whatever Col. Roosevelt does has a way of getting at the head of the newspaper column. Hence it was inevitable that a great deal of space, with big headlines, should be given to his journey to Marquette, accompanied by a carload of friends and special correspondents, where he has gone into court to prove that he is not an habitual drunkard. This ought not to be a difficult task. The cloud of witnesses with which Mr. Roosevelt has compassed himself about on his journey can scarcely be intended merely to confound the one rash editor whom he is suing for libel. The Colonel's intention must be so to mass testimony concerning his drinking that the lurking stories and club-corner gossip about his frequently indulging to excess may get their quietus. That they were ever widely credited there is no reason to believe. Certainly no one who has had occasion to see Mr. Roosevelt often, or who knows the prodigious amount of physical and mental labor he gets through, could fancy that he was anything but an abstemious man who took the best care of himself. And to suppose that his is a temperament that requires vinous exhilaration is absurd. Get him interested, throw him into a fight, place him before huzzaing crowds that drink to him only with their eyes, and he will not ask for wine.

Organized labor's demand that Ambassador Page be recalled from London because of his hostility to the trade unions is somewhat perplexing. Organized labor ought to take pleasure in having its enemies sentenced to a long period of exile from the country, even if it is what some people might regard as an honorable exile. If Mr. Page is indeed a foe to democracy and a power for evil, the best place for him is three thousand miles away from Mr. Gompers's country. We cannot but regard this clamor by the unions as a very bad piece of tactics on their part. What they should have done is to interpret Mr. Page's appointment as a punishment instead of a compliment. They should now be arguing that President Wilson, anxious to rid himself of the embarrassing presence of an enemy of labor, has put him where he can do no harm.

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Where except in California could the people be sure of having a Governor able to sum up the work of the Legislature before it adjourned? In that State, however, it is the custom for the Executive to send a farewell message to the lawmakers, and, performing that duty this year, Gov. Johnson recounts their mighty works. But first he pays his respects to "the organized conspiracy of detraction that for the last four months has been endeavoring to poison our people." The "special-interest press" of the State is the poison-scatterer. But it has been all in vain. "To-day," exults the Governor, "there is presented to California a record of accomplishment by this Legislature which, if accomplished in any other State in a decade, would be a matter of wonder and pride." As Johnson was chiefly responsible for the programme of legislation, the accuracy of his estimate can no more be called in question than can its modesty.

Mayor Gaynor's veto of the bill creating a Department of Public Welfare, to have control of the subject of gambling and prostitution in this city, has met with general approval. His message indicated a certain degree of sympathy with the general purpose in view, but took strong exception to the particular bill upon a number of grounds. Among those opposed to the bill, there are many whose opposition is based upon reasons other than those assigned by the Mayor. Of these reasons, perhaps the most weighty is that which rests on the fact that the proposal was put forward without full consideration of the experience of other great cities. It had also been urged upon the Mayor that the eve of an exciting Mayoralty election was inopportune for the inauguration of such a change. In the course of the next twelvemonth, it may be expected that much new light will be thrown on the whole question.

When a city is "cleaned up," in a moral sense, what becomes of the refuse? Where do the unfortunate women and the evil men who live upon them go? They usually go to some other city. Philadelphia's Police Department has been carrying on a rigorous quarantine of the local Tenderloin. Warned by previous experience, the police authorities of Philadelphia are seeing to it that the expelled denizens of the Tenderloin do not scatter over uninfected districts. When that object is attained, the local police are content. The head of Cleveland's police used to boast that he had "cleaned up" the city by driving its outlawed population—to Cincinnati. Philadelphia cleans up by starting an exodus in the direction of New York. New York cleans up by making it more comfortable for the practitioners of vice to take a train for Chicago. The trade of vice thus takes on an itinerant character. This or that city finds temporary relief, but what is the effect on the moral well-being of the nation as a whole? And what is the lasting outcome in the city immediately affected? These are questions not yet intelligently answered. It is certain that no cleaning-up process can be permanently effective which merely sentences vice to six months' exile.

Other States may be at their wits' end to raise as much money as their Legislatures wish to spend, but not Minnesota. Its Constitution permits loans from the State Treasury to municipalities, and both St. Paul and Minneapolis are looking to this source for 4 per cent. money. Within the next decade, it is prophesied, the income from the State school trust fund will reach five million dollars. This is due to the policy which the State has long followed of not selling the public lands which came to it as resources for its schools. These lands have become extremely valuable, owing in a measure to their timber and stone wealth. The income from this fund at present is stated to be about two million dollars. Iron-mine royalties paid the State five millions last year. The State Auditor is quoted as estimating that within forty years Minnesota will have an income of $200,000,000! Whatever discount may have to be made from this rosy estimate does not impair the moral that the time to conserve your natural resources is while you have them.

On the day when Indianapolis voters were dodging the polls, a city a hundred miles to the east of it was setting a very different example. Flood-submerged Dayton may not yet have got to her feet again, but she has recovered strength to adopt the form of city government whose invention gave Galveston a place in history. A committee of fifteen, headed by John H. Patterson, overwhelmingly defeated a committee nominated by the Democratic organization, and consequently will frame a commission government for the city. The vote was only slightly less than that cast at the Presidential election. Mr. Patterson scored a rare triumph, his election being virtually unanimous. In some wards, he received every vote. The scheme favored at Dayton seems to be a combination of the commission-government plan and the city-manager device. Five commissioners are to be elected in the city at large, and ward lines to be done away with; but these five men, instead of looking after various departments of work themselves, will appoint an expert in city management who will be the active administrator. The election was under the new Ohio law, which gives cities liberal powers in framing their charters.

"Taggart Man Nominated," ran a newspaper headline the other day. And the last sentence in the dispatch reads: "The vote was the smallest in recent years in Indianapolis." Cause and effect are seldom so neatly linked. This outcome of a contest for a Mayoralty nomination is the old story of the Boss Who Stays on the Job. Bell, the Taggart candidate, opposed Wilson at Baltimore. His leading opponent, Holtzman, was not unknown to his fellow-citizens, for they had made him their Mayor as recently as 1905. In that office he established a record for efficiency. A treasury which, at the beginning of his Administration, was penniless, he left two years later with above $200,000 in it. He brought about the first track elevation in the city. He managed to obtain a reduction in the price of gas from 90 cents a thousand feet to 60. The system of medical inspection of schools adopted under him is now to be found in every city in the State. He stood forth as specifically a Wilson Progressive. Yet the city which gave Wilson almost as many votes as Taft and Roosevelt combined, did not take the trouble to strike a second blow at bossism in either the Republican or the Democratic camp. It was too soon after the first one!

Everybody has long known that the tariff affected almost everything that

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one could eat, drink, or wear, but it has been reserved for the Hon. Caleb Powers, of Kentucky, to discover its connection with the permanence of friendship, the secret of old age, and Browning's table-talk. It is just like the *Congressional Record* to bury this jewel of debate in the back pages of an unusually thick number, but, like murder, it will out, nevertheless. Mr. Powers first introduced an amendment to the Underwood bill as follows:

Par. 172½. Rough lumber, $1.25 per thousand feet board measure.

Par. 172¾. Railroad ties, 10 per cent. *ad valorem.*

He then obtained leave to print a recent speech of Chauncey Depew, modestly withdrawing himself from the arena for the sake of "putting before the general public one of the ablest speeches" he had read in a good while. Mr. Depew might have related his remarks more directly to rough lumber and railway ties, but perhaps he did not foresee that they would figure in a tariff controversy. At all events, he began by saying: "With each recurrence of these anniversaries, I am more impressed with the permanence of friendship." Even in reference to this item, however, he gave no hint whether it should be taxed specifically or *ad valorem.* Nor did the Hon. Caleb Powers. Browning, according to the entertaining Mr. Depew, had once been hailed by the Shah of Persia as a fellow-poet; but here again, both he and his Kentucky admirer fail to tell us whether Shahs or poetry, or both, should be admitted to this country at a specific duty or *ad valorem.*

The Institute of Arts and Sciences which is organized under the auspices of Columbia University will not attempt extension teaching in a specific sense, since the programmes to be offered by the Institute carry no academic credit and, of course, involve no obligatory attendance. What the University authorities are doing is to systematize the rather inchoate mass of lectures and courses, some of which are at present free to the public. Exchange professors came and went, interesting lecture series by the members of the local faculty were carried on, but little trouble was taken to acquaint the public with the advantages which were to be had on Morningside Heights. The Board of Education has advertised its free evening lectures much more efficiently than Columbia has done. The case of Henri Bergson is a brilliant exception. However, systematization is now to come. The change from an uncoordinated lecture system to an Institute of Arts and Sciences is radical to the extent that there will be a single fee of ten dollars for access to facilities which have hitherto not been related. That is not an excessive price for more than 250 lectures, concerts, readings, and recitals in a single season.

The French Government is now aware that the enactment of the proposed three years' law of military service is not a business to be disposed of with a turn of the hand. The garrison mutinies in Paris and along the German frontier have shown that the General Confederation of Labor is more than prepared to back up the Socialists' opposition to the project in Parliament. The bill will in all probability become law; but in order to do so it must have behind it the solid support of all parties outside the extreme Socialists. That is the significance of the interview between President Poincaré and M. Clemenceau, at the President's solicitation. The two men are political enemies, but M. Clemenceau has declared himself ready to cooperate with the President on a matter affecting so intimately the vital interests of the nation. The veteran Radical leader is now having his revenge. When Poincaré became President there was altogether too much talk of him as a "strong man" and as a "national" President who would stand above party, the implication being that at length the Radical ascendency in Parliament and the country had been broken. M. Poincaré is now making confession that no revolutionary change of opinion has occurred in the country, and that without the consent of the Radicals nothing can be done.

The Mikado's serious illness comes at a time when Japanese politics is in a highly nervous condition, this being in turn the symptom of profound changes that are going on in the national life. Under the traditional conception of the Mikado as a divine being who stands aloof from the mere concerns of the moment, the actual personality of the sovereign counts for little in its effect on the public mind, and a change of rulers hardly touches the national life. But Japan to-day is in a state of sharp transition. The forces of democracy are asserting themselves against domination by clan oligarchy as embodied in the group of Elder Statesmen. Some of the members of that famous group have passed away. The authority of the survivors has weakened. Their influence, for example, was not strong enough to keep in power the late Premier Katsura, standing as he did for the maintenance of class rule, as against a Parliament truly responsible to the nation. The death of the Emperor Yoshihito would thus have significance because any event of such importance as the accession of a new sovereign would be bound to be made the occasion for increased efforts by the opposing parties in the nation.

In the complex play of international politics at Peking, it would be difficult to trace the exact effect of Mr. Wilson's action in withdrawing from the six-Power loan negotiations, followed by our recognition of the Chinese Republic. But even as a coincidence, it is worth recording that not more than two months after the President's secession from the six-Power group, the loan, which had been in painful suspense for more than a year, became a fact. More than that, although the precise conditions on which the loan has been granted have not been made public, it is apparent, from such accounts as have reached us of the proceedings in the Parliament at Peking, that the drastic powers of supervision and control originally demanded by the bankers must have been seriously modified, or guarantees of some sort must have been provided to allay the opposition of the Chinese democratic party. Now comes the report of a compromise between the Government of Yuan Shi-Kai and the democratic leaders by which a committee of Parliament is to supervise the expenditure of the loan. The eagerness with which London has been subscribing for Chinese bonds shows the world's confidence in the stability of the present Government. President Wilson deserves the credit of having given the cue. He undoubtedly rendered China a service, and we have still to learn what harm American interests have suffered in the process.

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SOME ESSENTIALS OF A CURRENCY REFORM LAW.

It is quite generally understood, regarding the programme for legislation on banking and currency reform, that the actual measure to which the Administration will give its approval is still in a formative stage. It may also be safely taken for granted that a wide variety of particular plans and expedients, more or less inconsistent with one another, are pressed upon those in charge of the bill. A process of selection and rejection is therefore necessarily even now under way, and it will not have been completed, even when the committees have framed and reported their bills to the two houses of Congress.

At such a juncture it is useful to fix the mind on the primary essentials of such a measure. There are some definite purposes and provisions which are, so to say, the *sine qua non* of an effective currency and banking reform law, and the best means of judging the wisdom or unwisdom of other and more technical proposals is to study them with a constant view to these main objective points.

These primary essentials are fortunately, at the present time, generally agreed upon by all people who have given intelligent study to the question. The first, in our judgment, is provision for a centralized reserve, which can be used to safeguard currency issues based upon other bankable assets, and as a basis for rediscount of commercial paper in behalf of individual banks. The second essential is a system of "zone" or district supervision, whereby general oversight of the banking affairs of a given district shall be constantly exercised by a responsible committee chosen by the banks of that district. The third is possession and exercise of the power to regulate discount rates within due limits, with a view to the movement both of foreign exchange and of home requirements. The fourth is a system of circulating notes which shall be not only safe but absolutely elastic; which shall not only expand with the larger needs of a given season's trade, but which (unlike our present banknote system) shall automatically contract when the needs of trade grow smaller. The fifth is a system for the transfer either of lawful reserves or of circulating notes from the central repository to the individual banks, in response either to shifting needs of trade or to a sudden credit emergency. In addition to all these, it is unanimously conceded that the Government must have such representation in the central governing board as will give it a voice in the general policy pursued.

The Aldrich plan was skilfully contrived to meet these fundamental requirements; but it fell short of providing for several contingencies which, in this country more than in any other, would be likely to arise. We may best sum up those defects of the Aldrich plan, and may best point out some distinct problems with which a new plan will be confronted, by setting forth certain things which a satisfactory banking and currency law must provide against.

One of these, and the most obvious, is inflation of the currency; a danger more threatening in any new legislation from the fact that such inflation, in its earlier stages, is likely to be popular. This was in several ways the crux of the Aldrich plan. It was partly provided for by the proposed imposition of a 1½ per cent. tax on outstanding notes in excess of $900,000,000, not directly secured by lawful money—as against the present actual banknote circulation of $753,000,000—and by a 5 per cent. tax on an excess above $1,200,000,000. But the restriction was much impaired by the further provision that notes issued by the central organization, and held by an individual bank, might be counted as part of that bank's required reserve against deposits. This, in our judgment, made distinctly against the normal elasticity of the currency.

A second matter to avoid has to do with regulation of interest rates by any central governing board or boards. It would be easy, and popular, for such a committee to use the machinery of the system to keep down the interest rate. It might be very different if they took measures to force the rate up. Yet nothing has been more absolutely demonstrated, in the experience of all great central banks, than that one of the useful and necessary functions of such institutions is the raising of the official discount rate when the foreign exchanges need to be controlled or excessive home demands on credit need to be restrained.

Perhaps an advance in the rate by a central committee, with a view to moderating a gold export movement, might cause no complaint or irritation; but the fixing of a higher rate with the avowed purpose of blocking excited speculation, would be a new experience to Americans. Wall Street itself has been accustomed, in the not very distant past, to see the great private banks use every expedient, when a speculation had already reached the stage of extravagance, for keeping down the current money rate. Far different, and infinitely more in consonance with sound finance, was the action of the Imperial German Bank on repeated occasions of the sort, when, as in the autumn of 1905, the president of that institution, announcing the advance in its discount rate from 4 per cent. to 5, publicly referred to the speculation by the German "outside public," and declared that it "was the duty of the Reichsbank to put a damper on the movement."

A final and obvious consideration, among the results which a useful banking and currency reform plan must avoid, is undue influence over the policies of the central boards by outside interests. Discussion of the possibility of what is somewhat loosely described as "Wall Street control" has been familiar enough; but there are outside interests which have nothing to do with Wall Street, and yet which would quite as willingly use for their own ends their influence with a central committee or committees as would financial promoting interests. Such committees must be equally prepared to resist the pressure of the Western farmer associations, or the Southern cotton conventions, or the inland real estate operators, as to reject unwarranted urgencies of the Stock Exchange.

TALENT AND THE POPULAR VOTE.

It is confidently stated that Senator Root will retire at the end of his term. The report is that he does not care to seek reëlection to the Senate by popular vote—the method that will hereafter be necessary. We do not know whether this rumor is well founded or not, nor are we informed if the reasons given for Mr. Root's alleged decision to quit public life are published with any shadow of authority from him. What his friends say is that, all other motives aside, he is disinclined to enter into the hurly-burly of a contest for a party nom-

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ination in the primaries, and then a direct election by the people as United States Senator. If all this is true, and if Mr. Root does in fact withdraw to private life, his case will undoubtedly be used as a taking argument against the new plan of choosing Senators, not by the Legislature, but directly by popular vote. Here, it will be said, is a man of outstanding ability, fitted admirably to represent his great State in the Senate, yet one of the first effects of the change in the Constitution is to deprive us of his services.

The matter, however, requires a little examination. If there is any feeling in this State adverse to Senator Root, and of such a supposed intensity as to make his election by direct vote seem improbable, what is it based upon? His exceptional ability? Are the people offended by the display of intellectual power which he has made in the Senate? Would they rather have a commonplace man in his stead? If Root would have a poor chance in a popular election, what sort of chance would Tom Platt have had, or Depew, or Ed Murphy, or Dave Hill? These questions answer themselves. The people of New York have no dislike of unusual talent or commanding leadership in their public men. They have been proud of the debating force and the statesmanlike grasp which Elihu Root has exhibited at Washington. It is not at all for anything that he has done there that objection to him exists—if it does exist in any marked degree. For the causes of that, one must go further back. We will not here go into them. Every one knows what is meant. It was implied in Mr. Roosevelt's famous question, when he was hesitating whether to make Root or Taft his successor: "Could a corporation lawyer be elected President?" But note well that this implies no jealousy of Mr. Root's brilliant powers. They are of the sort which, by themselves, the people delight to honor; and, for our part, we are not at all sure that he could not present himself to the voters and win another election, if he cared to try. However that may be, it is manifestly unwarranted to say that the retirement of Mr. Root would be a proof that the people will not directly elect a Senator taller from the shoulders and upward than most of his colleagues in the Senate.

It may be said that a certain fastidiousness goes with such high abilities as Mr. Root's. He would not be unwilling to take the steps necessary to be elected by the Legislature, but he has a Coriolanus-like shrinking from going before the crowd and asking each man for his vote. That may be. We have to take temperaments as they are, with the defects of their excellencies. But look at the thing in another light. If direct election of Senators prevents Mr. Root from being kept *in*, will it not also be a sure means of keeping worse men *out?* We will plainly put a case. There has been talk of Mr. Hearst desiring to succeed Root. The idea will seem fantastic, or revolting, to most of our readers; but if they were actually confronted with the threat of such a disgrace to the State, in what way would they think the likelihood of averting it greater—through election by the Legislature, or by direct vote of the people? By the former method, think of all the opportunities that Hearst would have to make his private arrangements with Murphy and other bosses in control of the Legislature. We saw how the thing worked two years ago, when the candidacy of Sheehan was suddenly sprung on the State, and was defeated only by heroic efforts and the narrowest of margins. Who would not prefer to take his chances of beating Sheehan or Hearst by a direct appeal to all the people, rather than by endeavoring to influence an intrigue-ridden Legislature? In our opinion, there is not a particle of doubt where the advantage would lie.

Of all States in the Union, New York ought to be the last in which to suggest doubts whether the people will rise to men of distinguished talents and weighty character. Go back forty years and ask who are the public men in whom the great confidence of New York has been most conspicuously manifested. At least three of the most notable of them have been as far as possible from the cheap and demagogic type. Tilden and Cleveland and Hughes—in all of them there was a certain austere quality, of the sort which is popularly supposed to repel the multitude. Yet we know how the hearts of the people again and again flowed out to these men. With such precedents in mind, it will require a great deal more proof on the other side than we yet have in hand, to compel one to believe that the voters will not be glad to choose distinguished men as Senators, if they have a chance. They may defeat a conspicuously able candidate, but that will be, we may feel perfectly sure, for some other reason than his ability.

THE WEST VIRGINIA INQUIRY.

It is now settled that a Senate committee is to take testimony regarding the labor troubles in West Virginia, and especially in the matter of the declaring of martial law in certain districts, with trials by military commissions. The committee will consist of five Senators, who will sit in Washington to examine witnesses. As outlined, the investigation would seem to be of a wider scope than is desirable. To look into the whole range of labor conditions in the West Virginia coal mines, to determine what rôle in the disturbances has been played by the railways, would lead the committee far, and into matters where the Federal jurisdiction is not clear. Probably in sheer self-defence the inquiry will narrow, as it proceeds. And, after all, the question of greatest interest, and the one with which Congress has the undoubted right to concern itself, relates to the way in which justice has been administered in West Virginia during the period of violence and rioting by the miners on strike.

It was the anomaly, to use no harsher word, of civilians being tried in West Virginia by the military, although the courts were open, which first caught the attention of the public. This it was which prompted Senator Kern's original resolution for an inquiry. All the other matters were collateral and subordinate. It may or may not be true that the West Virginia miners have been compelled to work under oppressive conditions. There may or may not be warrant for the assertion that railway companies have selfishly fomented labor troubles. Those things are important in their place, but it is certain that by themselves they would not have moved the Senate to act. What aroused concern and debate in that body, and what has finally led it to appoint a committee of investigation, was the fear that lawbreakers in West Virginia had been deprived of their Constitutional right to due process of law. The disorders are admitted. The need of bringing turbu-

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lent men to justice is not denied. But the question which stirred some of the ablest men and best lawyers in the Senate was whether martial law in West Virginia had not overstepped its due bounds.

The substantial points at issue were clearly indicated in the speeches, and the running debate, of Senator Goff and Senator Borah. The former is from West Virginia, and undertook a thoroughgoing defence of the action of Gov. Hatfield, both in declaring martial law and in directing military commissions to try offenders. As one who had been on the Federal bench, Mr. Goff was naturally familiar with the judicial precedents, and cited several decisions of the Supreme Court upholding the action of military tribunals. But Senator Borah contended with great force that all these cases had to do with a time of war, or of military administration of a conquered territory. His argument was, and it seems to us weighty, that the military arm can and should be used by the Executive when the occasion demands it, but should be used as essentially a police force. When public order cannot be preserved by the ordinary officials, let the soldiery be called in without hesitation. Let rioting and insurrection be put down with the sternest hand. If the processes of the courts cannot be executed by sheriffs and constables, let them be executed by the militia. But, affirmed Senator Borah, martial law must stop at the door of the courtroom. The troops may run down and arrest criminals and hold them under guard; but when it comes to ascertaining their guilt and fixing their punishment, that is a work for judge and jury. For officers of the militia, untrained in the law, to attempt it, is almost certain to lead to actual injustice, and in any event creates an angry feeling that the ordinary processes of justice are arbitrarily set aside. Into such an obvious irregularity it is proper for the Senate to inquire.

It has been said that most of the pressure for this Senate investigation has come from labor unions in West Virginia. That does not affect the merits of the case. All of us are concerned in maintaining due process of law, against the mere argument of pike and gun. It may be true that laboring men are more directly interested than any other class in having this particular matter set straight. But with this interest, there goes an obligation. It is to recognize the general desire to have courts that are pure and impartial, and will do exact justice between man and man. Labor leaders praised the Massachusetts court that acquitted Ettor and Giovannitti; but too many of them were ready to break out in denunciation of the New Jersey court that convicted Quinlan. A "class verdict" was the epithet applied to the findings of the jury in that case. Justice can know no classes; and the multiplying evidence, such as that furnished by the coming Senate inquiry and by the resolute prosecution now going on in Massachusetts of employers charged with conspiring against their men, should convince honest workingmen that the outcries of the Industrial Workers against the courts are both unfounded and unpatriotic.

THE CASE OF OLLIE TAYLOR.

A few weeks ago the country was startled by the report that a ten-year-old boy had been sentenced to eleven years of penal servitude for stealing a bottle of soda-water. The Supreme Court of Georgia, it was set forth, had confirmed this monstrous sentence on technicalities, declining to interfere with its execution, since the procedure had been regular and this Court had no power to inquire into the merits of the case. At once, the flood-gates of comment were opened. Everybody, from editorial writers to clergymen, whose business it was to tell his neighbors how to order their lives, pointed to this decision as typical of the way in which justice was done in the United States in the twentieth century. Did any one doubt that our courts were completely fossilized? There stood the supreme tribunal of Georgia to demonstrate it. It is hardly going too far to say that for two weeks Ollie Taylor was the most conspicuous argument used to persuade his countrymen to adopt the recall of everything connected with our judiciary.

The facts in the case have now been published. They show that the boy was not sentenced to eleven or any other number of years for stealing a bottle of soda-water. He was not "sentenced" at all. He was brought into the Juvenile Court of Atlanta four years ago, at the age of nine, on various charges, including repeated stealing from grocery stores. Upon promising to behave himself, he was put on probation and allowed to return home. A year later, he was again in court, under the same kind of charges. One of these was purloining a bottle of coca-cola. This time, his father stated to the judge that the boy was wild and uncontrollable, and if permitted to roam the streets would become an out-and-out criminal. At his request, Ollie was sent to the Fulton County Industrial Farm under an indeterminate commitment. In accordance with the statute which provides that any such person shall be released on parole as soon as he shows education and character sufficient to warrant this course, or his home conditions become suitable, the boy was freed on parole. He went back to his former associations, and the parole was cancelled. His father, angered at this turn, now changed his attitude, and resorted to the courts for recovery of the person and "services" of his son—thus ironically runs the legal formula. It was this application which, denied in the lower court, and refused finally by the Supreme Court, made the troublesome boy, in the eyes of multitudes, a martyr to an antiquated system of legal procedure.

The facts, therefore, turn out to be about as nearly as is possible the exact opposite of the report. Instead of the boy being a victim of our judicial processes, our judicial processes have been strained to their limit to save the boy from being a victim of himself. Instead of his being removed from a sympathetic and helpful atmosphere to an atmosphere of hardened criminals who would only bring to maturity his evil tendencies, he had been taken from a corrupting companionship and placed in an institution whose object is to do what the home has failed to do. Instead of being punished by the infliction of a penalty out of all proportion to the crime, he was educated at the expense of society. Half of the day he spends in school; the other half he is at work. "All the information I gained personally in Atlanta," says Miss Julia C. Lathrop, Chief of the Children's Bureau at Washington, "from my own observation and from people with whom I spoke about the matter, convinced me that the boy is receiving proper care." To put

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the thing bluntly, the laws and courts of Georgia have been slandered.

It is true that this misrepresentation, gross as it has been, was the result, not so much of malice as of ever-ready credence. But this fact merely shifts the blame from one of our weaknesses to another. What business had any one to believe without investigation or confirmation so preposterous a statement as that a ten-year-old boy had been sentenced to eleven years for stealing a bottle of soda-water? Whence comes this eagerness to accept reports which exhibit our greatest institutions as either hopelessly corrupt or hopelessly stupid? Do we fear that needed reforms have no chance unless we can prove that the structure we wish repaired is rotten from top to bottom? Or are we so impatient for improvement that we are willing that the most extreme misrepresentations should obtain currency? Or are we simply children once more when a lurid story comes our way? In the present instance, a piece of poetic justice in this aspect of the affair must not be ignored. The myth of Ollie Taylor first appeared in Hearst's Atlanta *Georgian*. At once, with no effort at verification, the other Atlanta newspapers printed it. It was not many days before they were employing all their resources in a vain effort to clear the name of Atlanta and of the courts of Georgia from the charges which were repeated in a hundred other newspapers, North and East, which had done nothing more than use the statements furnished them by these Atlanta journals.

IN THE BALKANS.

The nature of the news from the Balkans, since the cessation of hostilities, once more emphasizes the enormous handicap under which the cause of international peace labors. Peace is essentially undramatic. Peace conferences are interesting so long as there is a chance of their ending in disagreement. The character of the recent news from the late seat of war is easily described: there has been no news. As far as the press on this side of the Atlantic is concerned, the Balkan peninsula has just walked out of the door and disappeared like a respectable citizen under a sudden attack of amnesia. This is all the more strange because, while fighting was under way, the correspondents were at pains to remind us of the momentous issues at stake. The Cross was in battle against the Crescent, the Near East was to be remodelled, the European balance to be readjusted, the historic conflict between Slav and Teuton was entering on an acute phase. But somehow, as soon as the last gun was fired before Tchatalja, and Nicholas I had marched out of Scutari, the Balkans became dead "copy." The readjustment of races and kingdoms was completely blanked by Mrs. Pankhurst. Only as the possibility of trouble in the Balkans cropped up has attention once more turned in that direction. Now, if Bulgaria and Greece should really leap at each other's throats, that would be worth while writing about.

All this while, the business of drafting a treaty of peace has been going on. The delegates of the Balkan allies and of Turkey have for some time been at work in London. Actually, they found their work half done in advance. The preliminary treaty has been prepared by Sir Edward Grey on behalf of the Powers. It is preliminary in the sense that it leaves most of the details to be arranged by direct negotiation between the allies and Turkey and by the Financial Commission in its sessions at Paris. But as marking the close of hostilities the treaty is definitive, and it is to be ratified within a fixed period. Thus the European concert comes out of the affair with something of its prestige restored. That prestige was at its minimum when the Balkan nations first went to war against the earnest protestations of the Powers, and subsequently made a jest of the solemn declaration of the Powers that the outcome of the war would not be allowed to change the *status quo* in the Near East. Where the European concert has regained something of its reputation is in its valiant efforts to prevent the extension of hostilities beyond the Balkans, and, secondly, in the arrangement of the future of Albania. The Powers may still do useful work in facilitating a settlement among the Balkan victors, with regard to the distribution of the Turkish spoils. For the moment even the fate of Albania is eclipsed by the increasing rumors of friction between Greece and Bulgaria in Macedonia.

That relations among the Balkan States, with Greece and Servia lined up against Bulgaria, have reached a state of acute tension is plain from recent developments. Squabbling between the Greeks and Bulgarians near Salonica culminated last week in what was almost a pitched battle. Later dispatches spoke of an attack on the Greek fleet by the Bulgarian batteries at Kavala, on the Ægean. It would be wrong to speak of events approaching a breaking point, because it is as yet impossible to think of the Balkan States as plunging into war among themselves and thereby endangering the fruits of their victory over the Turks. The present difficult situation has arisen out of the fact that the nature of the victory has been so much more emphatic than the allies could have expected in their most sanguine moments; and, secondly, because of the unexpected showing of Greece and Servia in particular.

Their military prestige at the outbreak of the war was certainly not of the highest. The experts assumed that if the allies won, it would be because of what the Bulgarians would accomplish in Thrace. It was believed that Servia and Greece might even be unsuccessful in their campaigns, but that Bulgaria's advance on Constantinople would atone for all that. Actually, the achievements of the Greek and Servian armies, in the matter of Turkish territory occupied and Turkish positions captured, fall little short of what the Bulgarians accomplished. It may very well be that their work was made easier by the fact that Turkey deliberately weakened herself in Macedonia in order to make a better stand in Thrace. But it would be idle to expect that Athens or Belgrade should admit it as a fact. The Greeks and the Servians fought well, they won, and they are now in possession; and the last circumstance counts against an ally as well as against an enemy.

Salonica is the crux of the situation. Should the city go to Greece, the Bulgarian Government might well feel that the heaviest fruits of victory have fallen to the supposedly weakest of the allies. In actual square miles of territory annexed, Bulgaria will still be ahead. She will have Adrianople and an outlet on the Ægean. But if Bulgaria is to develop into a maritime nation, with a fleet and a Mediterranean trade, she will have to create the necessary harbors. Enos, the most considerable shore town

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she may acquire, is a village of seven thousand people with a poor harbor. Kavala has less than five thousand inhabitants. Compare that to Salonica, with a population close to 200,000, and its very important trade already established. Add to this the acquisition by Greece of Crete and the greater number of the Ægean islands, and it seems plain that Bulgaria's leadership in the Balkans is by no means so secure as it has been hitherto assumed. As a matter of fact, the fighting strength of Greece was underestimated when reckoning was made of only her army. Her fleet, small as it is, rendered important service in the war. With the acquisition of Salonica and the islands, her naval strength may be expected to reach very impressive dimensions. If Constantinople is ever to be taken from the Turks, the Greek fleet is bound to play fully as important a part as the Bulgarian army. Finally, the loss of Salonica to the Greeks would come all the harder because it was lost by so narrow a margin. The Greek and Bulgarian armies engaged in a race for the city, and the former won by a matter almost of hours.

Here is where the mediation of the Powers may yet be necessary. The establishment of a neutral zone at Salonica has not averted collision. A Greco-Bulgarian commission which was for some time engaged in investigating the rival claims to priority of occupation found it impossible to carry on its work. "Instead of entering upon the discussion with unbiassed mind," says the London *Times*, "both sides seem to have determined to fix the desired ultimate frontier"—and both sides were aware that there was a great risk "that a permanent character would subsequently be attributed to any temporary concessions intended to alleviate the existing tension." It is as perplexing a problem as any the peacemakers will have to face.

GIUSEPPE BELLI, THE POET OF THE POPULACE.

ROME, May 10.

Last Sunday, on the fiftieth anniversary of his death, a monument to Giuseppe Belli, the Roman dialect poet, was unveiled in the Piazza d' Italia, on the outskirts of the Trastevere quarter, which still retains some of the peculiarities of the Rome of his day. The ceremony was attended by representatives of many mutual aid and amusement societies, some with the quaintest names, for it is essentially as a poet of lower-class life that Belli is famous. But there were speeches by the Mayor, Count Gnoli, one of the poet's editors and commentators; Professor Artioli, and others, and the event has given rise to a small crop of *Belliana* in the newspapers and reviews. Few foreigners, even among those interested in Italian literature, and not many Italians outside of Rome and beyond a small *coterie* of dialect specialists, now read Belli; but it is to be hoped that there will be a revival of public interest in his admirable verse. For Belli was, in his limited field, a really great poet, and his collected sonnets present a wonderfully vivid picture of the Rome and the Roman populace of seventy years ago.

It was, indeed, a strange city and a strange people, full of the most strident contrasts of comedy and tragedy, of the grotesque and the grewsome, of beauty and squalor. Professor Hermanin has had the excellent idea of arranging in the Galleria Nazionale an exhibition of drawings and prints illustrative of Belli's Rome. There we can see the city as it was when the Ludovisi and other gardens had not been destroyed and the land sold for building lots, when the whole of the Piazza di Termini, where the station now is, was encumbered with fragments of the Baths of Diocletian, when the Prati di Castello, instead of being laid out as a residential suburb with regular streets reminding one of South Kensington or Berlin, W., were real meadows, dominated by the great mass of Castel Sant' Angelo, and were a favorite haunt for sportsmen intent on shooting waterfowl. At that time the Tiber, which at many points within the city was crossed by ferryboat, was not checked by embankments, and frequently overflowed the low-lying quarters. In those days Goethe visited Rome, and Sir Walter Scott, Canova, and Thorwaldsen, and the German artists met at the Caffè Greco, where, if report speaks true, the waiters refilled the stodgy shells of the meringues with fresh cream every morning, the guests of the night before having eaten the cream only! The Albergo dell' Orso, said to be the oldest hotel in the world, was still the best in Rome, and continued to entertain ambassadors and other celebrities. There were many curious festivals, too: that of Cervara, where the artists performed their classical masque in the grottoes by the Aniene; the Corse dei Barberi, races run by riderless horses down the Corso, which continued until they were stopped some twenty-five years ago, owing to the many accidents; the water carnival in the Piazza Navona, which was flooded for the occasion, while the carriages of the great splashed about in the wet; the Giostra delle Vaccine, a sort of bloodless bull-fight, which has lately been revived, and which was held in the Mausoleum of Augustus, now a concert hall where we recently heard "Till Eulenspiegel" and the "Dance of the Seven Veils" conducted by Strauss himself. Then there were no trams, no omnibuses, no cabs, only the funereal-looking carriages of cardinals and the more sumptuous equipages of the Roman princes, whose descendants now fly across the Campagna in high-speed motors. And over all was the dead weight of the Papal Government and the splendors of the Catholic Church, with its gorgeous ceremonies, picturesque processions, and abominable administration.

Of that old Rome nearly everything has disappeared, but traces still survive here and there, if we know where to seek them out—in Belli's own beloved Trastevere, about the gloomy Monte dei Cenci, round the Piazza Montanara, where in the shadow of the frowning Palazzo Orsini, built over the theatre of Marcellus, the picturesque Campagna folk still congregate on market-days. No visitor to Rome should omit a walk through these quarters, which are also destined—shall we say alas or fortunately?—to disappear into the limbo of *Roma sparita*.

Belli was born in 1791. The circumstances of his early life made it necessary for him to consort with all classes of people, especially with those of the lower orders, among whom he collected the materials for his dialect poetry. His first literary efforts, however, were serious poems in classical Italian, but of the poorest description. It was in the thirties of the last century that he put his intimate knowledge of the Roman *popolano* to good use and began that marvellous series of sonnets in *Romanesco* which have won him fame. At first a few were circulated in manuscript among his friends; then they were read aloud, learned by heart, and passed on from mouth to mouth among the common people whose lives they described. For their keen wit, merciless satire, and vivid pictures of things seen were, and are still, appreciated by the ignorant carter or workingman, no less than by the man of letters. Belli's muse grew more and more prolific, and the sonnets poured forth from his pen in a torrent, sometimes as many as five or six being written in one day. In all, he wrote more than two thousand, and they gradually came to be known and appreciated all over Italy, while Schuchard and Tellenbach in Germany, and Sainte-Beuve in France, introduced them to foreign readers. Most of them, however, were not known to the public until after the author's death, in 1863, and, indeed, during his later years he wished to destroy them.

But in 1831, when he had written only a few score, he realized that he was engaged in painting a great picture of Roman popular life in all its aspects.

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In reading Belli, as Count Gnoli said in his address, we see "a whole city spread out before us, the *piazze*, the streets, the narrow alleys; the shopman is selling his wares, the good wives chatter and whisper by the road, the boys play, the grown men work or idle; oaths are interwoven with religious faith, superstitions with ribald laughter; here we have the numbers of the lottery, there an ignorant preaching friar, processions and thefts, grumbling in the antechambers of prelates, heartburning and corruption in the law courts, vice and ferocity in the prisons, and in the background the executioner showing a bleeding head to the assembled populace." All this Belli describes with a masterly touch, this and much more. At times he is coarse and obscene—this part of his work is all included in one volume of Luigi Morandi's edition—but he wished to paint every side of the life of the people and could not therefore omit that aspect, and even the most indecent sonnets are witty and artistic.

A large part of Belli's work, that which is perhaps best known, is of a political character. In sonnet after sonnet he lashes the inefficiency, cruelty, and corruption of the Papal Government with merciless satire. No one did more than he to undermine the foundations of the Temporal Power, for his verses sank day after day into the minds of the people, and by making them realize what a monstrous travesty of government and justice it was, destroyed such vestiges of respect for constituted authority as remained in Rome. Yet he was a devout Catholic, and anything but a Liberal in politics; although modern democrats profess to see a precursor of their ideas in Belli, the revolution of 1848 found in him a bitter opponent. He hated cruelty and oppression, but he had neither national feeling nor civic spirit. The Roman Republic of 1869, with its high idealism and the lofty patriotism of its leaders, he regarded with horror. "In this period," he wrote, "were enacted all the most villanous, barbarous, and abject deeds which the depraved conscience of mankind ever dared to commit"! To him the heroes of the Vascello are mere brigands, the Liberals odious "Jacobins," Mazzini, Saffi, and Armellini vile assassins, and the French invaders who reëstablished Papal despotism "Catholic warriors, our fellow-citizens in Christ."

During the last years of his life his pen became ever less prolific; domestic misfortune, ill health, and the political changes rendered him a morose, gloomy recluse, and he died almost forgotten by his contemporaries. Belli was neither the first nor the last Roman dialect writer. Not to mention early mediæval documents, or the dialect translations of the *Liber Historiarum Romanorum* and the *Mirabilia Urbis Romæ*, there are diaries, sacred dramas, and comedies, and also many sonnets by eighteenth-century poets. But it was Belli who brought this vernacular literature to its perfection, and if other more recent poets have followed in his footsteps, none has surpassed or even equalled the bard of the Trastevere. These other poets have used the vernacular merely as a means of expressing their own ideas and thoughts, and they write in *Romanesco* because it is racy and effective; but they might almost as well have written in literary Italian. Belli, on the other hand, puts into the mouths of the Roman *popolani* their own ideas and their own ways of looking at things. This is his great merit.

LUIGI VILLARI.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Within little more than a year after the posting of the Ninety-five Theses, Luther's writings found their way to England. In October, 1518, Froben published the first edition of the Reformer's collected works, naturally at that time a small one. This he reprinted several times in 1519. On February 12 of that year he wrote the author that many copies were exported to England. One of them, now in the possession of Messrs. J. Pearson & Co., of London, is decorated with the arms of the Duke of Suffolk and the royal crown. This may indicate, as Pearson thinks, that it was once the property of Henry VIII, but is it not more probable that it belonged to his sister Mary, Duchess of Suffolk, whose former marriage to Louis XII of France had given her royal rank? A little later we know that she was strongly Protestant; indeed, when Bucer came to England in 1549, it was jestingly reported that this lady, now again widowed, might marry him.

But it was not only or chiefly by persons of rank that the German professor's works were read. The day-book of John Dorne, an Oxford bookseller, shows that many of them were sold there in 1520. And they promptly took effect. At Cambridge in the same year (Annals of the Academy of Cambridge, V, 499) a committee to examine the said works was officially appointed. Even in country districts they were read. Among the manuscripts of the Corporations of Shrewsbury and Coventry is a letter from G. Cowper to his father, Thomas Cowper, at London, dated March 3, 1520, containing the words: "As for newes ther ys none but of late ther was herytykes here which did take Luters opinyons." From this time on notices of Luther and his writings become quite frequent.

The popularity of the new works naturally stimulated the translation of them into English. The two earliest of these were noticed in a previous paper in the *Nation*, May 12, 1912. In the present article some information will be given about the six other tracts of Luther Englished during the reign of Henry VIII.

(1.) "De libertate christiani. The Liberty of a Christen man. Cum privilegio regali. Imprynted at the sonne by me John Byddell." This rendering of Luther's famous treatise of 1520 must have been published prior to 1544, as Byddell printed nothing thereafter. That it appeared later than 1531 is made highly probable by the fact that it is not mentioned in a mandate issued by the English prelates late in that year (Wilkins: Concilia, III, 720, wrongly dated 1529, see Calendar of State Papers of Henry VIII, V, app. No. 18), prohibiting by name all known English Protestant books. I believe the translator may be identified with John Tewkesbury, variously called a leather-seller and a haberdasher, converted partly by Tyndale's works, partly by the personal influence of a certain John Hacker (Foxe: Acts, ed. 1857, IV, 688; Strype: Memorials, ed. 1822, I, i, 116). In April, 1529, he was examined by Cuthbert Tunstall and Sir Thomas More, and under torture he recanted. Later he relapsed, and was burned December 20, 1531. More, who brutally calls him a "stinking martyr," says that the officers found on him in prison "a book of heresy of his own hand-writing, to wit, the book of Martin Luther, wherein he teacheth men under the name of Christian liberty to run into the devil's bondage." (More's Workes, 1557, p. 348h.) Was not this probably the translation afterwards printed? By 1530 Luther had published nearly three hundred separate tracts, and it would have been an extraordinary coincidence for two men to make independent versions of the same one. Tewkesbury's trial shows that he was not without learning, probably sufficient for the purpose. The only alternative to supposing that it was his own work, is the hypothesis that he copied it from the manuscript of a friend. This would have been remarkable, for, notwithstanding Shakespeare's "sugared sonnets among his private friends," the circulation of works in manuscript was no longer common. Tewkesbury died just as the tide was beginning to turn a little in favor of the Protestants, and it is not improbable that one of his friends, or even one of his guards, obtained the work and had it published posthumously.

(2.) "A very excellent and swete exposition upon the two and twentye Psalme of David, called in latyn Dominus regit me & nihil. Translated out of the hye Almayne in to English by Myles Coverdale. [Colophon:] Imprynted in Southwark by James Nycolson for John Gough. Cum privilegio. 1537." This tract has been sufficiently noticed by W. C. Hazlitt: "Bibliographical Collections" (1903, p. 236), and by H. E. Jacobs: "The Lutheran Movement in England" (1910, p. 118). It is reprinted in Coverdale's Remains (1846).

(3.) "An exposicion upon the songe of the blessed virgine Mary, called Magnificat. Where unto are added the songes of Salue regina, Benedictus and Nunc dimittis. Translated out of latine into Englysh by Jhon Hollybush." This book is lacking in all the large libraries, even in the Bodleian and British Museum. The only copy known to me is that formerly owned by Mr. William Jackson, now in possession of the firm of Otto Harrassowitz, Leipzig. (See his Catalogue, 328, No. 1099.) It is a translation of the following: "Martini Lutheri in Divine virginis Mariae, Zachariaeque Odas, Magnificat puta & Benedictus, Commentarii. Argentina. 1526." As Hol-

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lybush is otherwise known only as a pseudonym of Coverdale, used in his New Testament, published by James Nicholson at Southwark, 1538, it may be inferred that Coverdale was the translator, that Nicholson was probably the printer, and that 1538 was not far from the date of issue.

(4.) "The last wil and last confession ot martyn luthers faith concerning the principal articles of religion which are in controversy, which he will defend and mainteine until his death, against the pope and the gates of hell, drawen furth by him at the request of the princes of germany which have reformed their churches after the gospel, to be offered up at the next general councel in their names & now published before that all the world may have an evydent testimony of his faith. . . . [Colophon:] 1543." Here we have a version of the Schmalkaldic Articles, written by Luther in 1536, and published in 1538. The name of the translator is unknown, as well as that of the printer. In the Catalogue of the British Museum Zurich is conjecturally proposed as the place of printing.

(5.) "The chiefe and pryncypall Articles of the Christen faythe, to holde againste the Pope and al Papistes and the gates of hell, with other thre very profitable and necessary bokes. . . . Made by Doctor Marten Luther. [Colophon:] Imprinted for Gwalter Lynne. MDXLIII." Besides reprinting "The chief articles," this contains: "ii. The Confession of Faythe of Doctor Marten Luther," "iii. Of the ryght Olde Catholyke Churche and the new false Church," "iv. Of the Symboles or Confessyons of the Christen faythe" (not by Luther, but the Athanasian, Ambrosian, and Nicene creeds), "v. A singular and fruteful maner of praying used by the famous clarke Doctor Marten Luther" (Eine einfältige Weise zu Beten, 1535), and "vi. A prayer against the Pope and the Turkes." It is possible that Lynne may have translated some of these himself, as he did another tract of Luther in 1548. He was a London printer.

(6.) "The dysclosyng of the Canon of the popysh Masse with a sermon annexed unto it of . . . D. Marten Luther. Apocal. XVIII. Printed by Hans hitprycke." The identity of both the translator and printer has hitherto baffled all research. Ames and Herbert ("Typographical Antiquities," p. 1557), conjecture that it may have been printed in 1545.

PRESERVED SMITH.

Correspondence

"SI VIS PACEM PARA BELLUM."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While we are on the eve of celebrating a hundred years of peace between this country and yours, it might be worth while to recall how many narrow escapes we have had from a very different sort of celebration. My purpose, however, is not so much to recall these events as to contribute some personal reminiscences that may throw a little light upon the question whether the best way to preserve peace is, as many persons tell us, to prepare for war. It was not very many years ago that I heard Mrs. Livermore in Tremont Temple declare that the American fleet was the laughing-stock of the world, and she hoped that it always would be! But counsels other than these prevailed, and it was only a few years later that the white fleet began to make its appearance. An old sea captain who had been in many American ports and was familiar with the feelings of those among whom he moved, was fully convinced that the "final cause" of this fleet was the conquest of Canada, and there were not a few who believed with him that there was no other purpose for which it could be designed. Shortly after this appeared an article by Mr. Dicey in the *Contemporary Review*, in which he quoted the conversation of an intelligent Californian next to whom he happened to be seated at some social "function" in England, who assured him that the United States was "spoiling for a war," with England by preference, but, failing that, with any other country, it mattered not which, so long as it was war.

But perhaps the most significant fact is that of a conversation to which I can testify with a British sea lord—an admiral who was showing a company of us over his ship and explaining the way they worked the guns, how each group of gunners was separated from those in charge of the next gun, who might all be blown to pieces without creating panic in the neighboring groups, etc., etc. He concluded his lecturette with a little discourse on the folly of allowing the Americans to build up their big navy. Now was the time for England to blow it all to atoms before it grew strong enough to be a menace. I have no manner of doubt that he was a representative of his class and spoke the sentiments current among the officers of the fleet in those days. Thus it was that the "preventive measures" of the United States tended to provoke aggression, and the retaliatory preventive measures of our country, if these men had been allowed to have their way, would have produced the condition of eternal war and international hatred between these kindred peoples. And thus it ever must be that preparation for war is the guarantee of continued peace.

The truth is that the big-navy people and the gun-makers, whose prosperity is dependent upon wars and rumors of war, are, internationally speaking, the real "dangerous classes." The larger their fleets and armies the more influential they become, and therefore the more dangerous. It surely becomes those of us who seek peace and rejoice in the evidences of international good will to keep this element in its proper place, to discount its factitious fears of aggression, and distrust its interested counsels.

B. RUSSELL.

Halifax, May 19.

JOAQUIN MILLER AND JAPAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The late Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," used to claim the name of the discoverer of the Japanese in America (by America he meant California), in the sense that Rossetti or Whistler was the discoverer of Japanese art in London. It was in early 1885, when the number of Japanese in California was insignificant, that he had two young students stay with him at the "Heights," where he had newly settled from the East. I believe it was the first time that he became intimate with the Japanese character, on which he had many occasions to sing and write. When Yone Noguchi, now the renowned Japanese poet, whom he affectionately called son, made his home of four years' duration with Miller in his early American life, Miller's name became known widely in the Japanese colonies. We Japanese looked upon him as the truest friend, and we felt we needed a true friend among Americans, as the anti-Japanese hue and cry already then began to disturb our minds. I heard once from an American farmer at San José, who only knew a wild sort of rumor about Miller's personality, that Miller's friendship with Noguchi was the only good record of his whole life; his love for the latter was simply beautiful. As Miller's general understanding of the Japanese came mainly through his knowing of Noguchi, there was perhaps one point of weakness in it; that was his too great idealization of our Japanese characters, for which we felt often quite uncomfortable. However, we friends of Noguchi, who were frightened, without any real reason to be frightened, by the huge sign "Japs Must Go" in San Francisco Street at the political agitators' season, were glad to spend a day at the Heights, where the freedom and democracy of Whitman's song prevailed.

Miller was, to begin with, a mind of romantic cast to defend the weaker side; anybody who knows the origin of his assuming the name of Joaquin from the so-called Mexican bandit, Joaquin Mureta, whose alcoholized head we used to see in the Golden Gate Museum, will never think it strange that Miller defended Chinese and us Japanese when unreasonably treated by Americans. Miller wrote one Japanese article in the *Call*, San Francisco, I believe, in 1895. That was the first time I saw his writing on a Japanese subject, in which, as in many other cases of Miller's prose as well as poetry, he walked from summit to summit (of his mountains of idealization); from the same attitude he sang on the "Fishes of Nippon" in the *Century*, many years later, when we fought with Russia. Somewhere in that song on the shepherd youth against Russia's Goliath, I find the following:

> But oh, beware his scorn of death,
> His love of Emperor, of isles,
> That boast a thousand bastioned miles
> Above the clouds, where never breath
> Of frost or foe has ventured yet,
> Or foot of foreign man has set!
> Beware his scorn of food (his face
> Is scarcely more than sweet sea-air);
> Beware his cunning, sprite-like skill—
> But most beware his dauntless will.

Although we know Miller stopped in Japan (at least, at Yokohama) on his way to Peking in that momentous time of the Boxers' uprising, quite many years ago, as an American correspondent, we have no hesitation to declare that his real knowledge of Japan was slight; perhaps he was a writer whose blindness to reality or fact, or whose objection to seeing it, gave him a great audacity for his free spinning of rhapsodic extravaganza. My sober mind thinks, when I read his early poems on the Arizona prairie or the Sierra Valley, that his poetical license was too great; even Mark Twain, in comparison with Miller, is more trustworthy. It seems that

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the early Western writers of America had one trait in common; that was a melodramatic profusion or irregularity. Lafcadio Hearn wrote once to Chamberlain: "Take Joaquin Miller. No man has written at times more absurdly. But what divine surprises and jets of light he has at times!" That is a true estimate even the most severe critics should agree upon. When he stayed in poetry, even his absurdity often appeared wonderful from his turn of mind or fancy; but he was inexcusable when he overstepped into the world of prose, where the sense of fact should be protected in one way or another. We Japanese have seen Miller's absurdity in the prose article called the "Little Brown Men of Nippon," in "Japan of Sword and Love," he published in collaboration with Yone Noguchi, Tokyo, 1905. Take an example or two from the article.

It seems that Miller accompanied the American troops in the advance on Peking at the time of the siege of the Legations in 1900. On the first day's fighting on the march from Tien-tsin the hot July sun fell on the backs of the Japanese from ten o'clock till darkness. "This was their first fighting in leather shoes and little gold-rimmed caps in a hot country and season, and their last. So many collapsed from sunstroke that the Emperor telegraphed: 'Use the American hat.'" Whether it is true or not, Miller appears in the article as assistant to Gen. Bennett, head of the Red Cross, and it became his duty to beg, borrow, or pick up all the American hats that he could discover for the "suffering little brown soldiers." At bivouac it was found that the little balls of cooked rice which each soldier carried on his back had soured, and this, together with the muddy water of the Peiho, made hundreds ill. "Then another telegram: 'Use American bread.'" The King of Korea immediately sent ten thousand sacks of flour, "that came with incredible swiftness," and ever since then the Japanese have eaten bread instead of rice.

To show the above statement is false, however with all the good intention of Miller's characteristic idealization, it is quite sufficient to say that the Japanese soldier has been trained and even dressed and fed by the German method since 1883; Miller must have been thinking, when he wrote such an absurdity with much excessive adulation of Japanese characters in his article, surely of the "Mikado" or "Geisha," a comic opera, with all the caprice of beauty, if beauty there was, and all the impossibility which is altogether too charming to exist. But Miller's love of Japan and the Japanese cannot be denied, and his admiration is sincere, although it is, in most cases, expressed with an extraordinary touch of fantasy. And when his life shall be written in the future, which is a sure thing in this biography-loving world, a few pages on the subject should be spared.

S. TSUSHIMA.

Kamakura, Japan, April 20.

SAMUEL JUNE BARROWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your review of "A Sunny Life" reminds me of the fact that Mr. Barrows was not merely interested in the work of the Prison Association of New York and the American Prison Association, but had also an intense interest in individual prisoners after their release. I saw him many times during the winter of 1892-3 in Athens. One of his great pleasures was writing to, and receiving letters from, former prisoners for whom he had procured work and whom he was constantly encouraging. Many of the letters he read to me. He was scrupulous in answering them. His piety was not of the "goody-goody" sort. As I saw him, his heart was close to that of the Nazarene.

DEMARCHUS C. BROWN.

Indiana State Library, May 23.

"ASKING STUDENTS TO DECIDE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has been called to an editorial in the *Nation*, entitled, "Asking Students to Decide," which deals with the annual post-card canvass carried on by the *Illustrated*. The editorial asserts that this ballot placed in the hands of the seniors will tend to make the professors popularize their courses. If by popular courses you mean "snap courses," courses that appeal to the indolent student, I cannot agree. I do not think that this is the definition which these students who have answered our post-cards give to the courses. The courses which they consider the most satisfactory are those which, as they look back upon them after the work has been done, have made the greatest contribution to their mental make-up. If a course of study, difficult though it may have been to pursue, has filled their minds with many new ideas, opened up new fields of thought, or given them an understanding of some of the natural phenomena which are going on around them, they are sure to realize it and appreciate it.

Students are fundamentally serious, even though apparently frivolous. They are the first to complain if a professor does not give them food for thought in his lectures, or if his lectures are merely a recapitulation of the week's reading or of his previous lectures. If professors can be induced to "popularize" their courses according to this attitude, which I think is the true one at Harvard, many of the poor courses could be eliminated. After all, the audience must be consulted. If the professor cannot command the attention and respect of his classroom by a clear, concise, stimulating presentation of his subject, his efforts cannot be regarded as valuable.

The editorial, in judging of the value of the results, made the mistake of saying that they were insignificant because the larger courses naturally received the largest number of votes. A reading of the past articles on the post-card canvass would have shown that all the figures were reduced to an average enrolment of 100, or that allowance for the difference was made in some way.

But, however that may be, it seems to me that the editorial conveys the idea that the *Illustrated* is an outsider which, by carrying on this "impertinent" canvass, is undermining the value of the courses and championing the cause of the indolent student. "Loosely connected with the University" is the phrase used, I believe. The *Illustrated* is not, of course, an official publication of the faculty, or of the students as the *Graduates' Magazine* and the *Alumni Bulletin* are of the alumni. We are, nevertheless, as closely connected with the University as the *Crimson*, the *Advocate*, or the *Monthly*. We are as closely connected as any undergraduate publication could possibly be. Our editor-in-chief has a position on the Student Council by virtue of his office. The magazine takes an active part in all University movements, as you may have noticed in the formation of the Press Association and the New Gymnasium campaign. In fact, standing as we do shoulder to shoulder with the *Crimson* in the discussion of the problems of the University, we can be regarded as more closely connected with the University than either of the purely literary magazines.

W. O. FENN,
Editor-in-Chief.

Cambridge, Mass., May 21.

SCHOOLGIRLS' CLOTHING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In spite of your well-directed criticism in the *Nation* of May 15 against the "queer" bills introduced in the California Legislature, there is one that strikes me as rather sensible. I refer to the bill "giving school boards power to regulate the dress of school children." Although most teachers would not go to the length of prescribing a uniform, they would certainly be grateful for any relief from the present horrors of the clothing—especially girls' clothing—which they are obliged to face every day. Forty or fifty bands and bows of clashing colors are not conducive to the instructor's mental repose. Thin waists, low-necked sailor blouses, and elbow sleeves, moreover, are not conducive to general health; for as soon as a window is opened, our delicate maidens shiver and demand that the supply of fresh air be cut off. These same pupils, of course, who insist upon a temperature of 75 degrees in the schoolroom all winter, are the first to complain of weariness and inability to study "on account of the heat" as soon as the thermometer outside strikes a general average of 65 degrees. Such a state of affairs, involving, as it does, health, beauty, intellectual training, teachers' health, and parents' pocket-books, certainly demands the attention not only of Gov. Johnson, but of his noted chief. Please do not oppose their efforts!

ACADEME.

Boston, Mass., May 17.

INTEREST ON GOVERNMENT BANK DEPOSITS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I dislike to see the *Nation* make a mistake, as I am very fond of it, but I am sure, if I understand what you say on the first page of your issue of May 8 concerning depositary banks, that you do not comprehend all the work which some of the depositary banks are required to do by the Secretary of the Treasury.

My bank is in the West, and we have cashed as high as 800 Government checks in a single day, which reduced the Government balance $54,000 below the deposit of bonds, and it was twenty days before the balance was restored to amount of bonds. And we are compelled to transmit funds

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without cost to the Government wherever the Treasurer may direct.

So you can see that the Government is not fair to all of its depositary banks when it compels them to put up bonds (largely United States bonds) at a low rate of interest, and then pay 2 per cent. on the average deposits that the Government carries with such banks. W. W.

Omaha, May 20.

[This case would certainly seem to present elements of hardship, if the bank were compelled to carry United States Government deposits, and if other national banks were also unwilling to pay the 2 per cent. rate because it was non-remunerative. But no bank has to accept such deposits if it does not choose, and the banks in general, so far as we are aware, have made no protest—though, naturally, all of them would prefer to pay only 1 per cent. on deposits thus secured, or to pay nothing. It was, in fact, a proposal of the bankers themselves, in 1908, that some interest should be charged on public deposits, and the statute merely prescribes a minimum of 1 per cent., any higher rate being discretionary. In the present money market, which Secretary McAdoo presumably took into reckoning, the average Government deposit with a national bank ought to be able to return a profit, even with 2 per cent. interest paid and transfers made free.—Ed. Nation.]

THE TARIFF ON BOOKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a letter on "The Price of English Books" in last week's *Nation*, it is stated that the tariff benefits no material interest. Now, the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders has two agents in Washington at the present time working to maintain the 25 per cent. tax on books. In view of the fact that American bookbinders get twice the wages of the best-paid European workers and that the tariff is partly responsible for that result, it should appear that some interests are served.

Though in general a free trader, I find myself condoning this duty because the increase in the cost of books, due to it, is so small in comparison with the greater ability of our people to pay as to be almost negligible. The scientific publications of a certain house in London, for example, can be bought here at a price which is in excess of the English list, net, by just about 25 per cent.—the amount of the tariff. The Tauchnitz Edition, similarly, costs but forty-five cents. What "Teacher" says concerning the difference in price in other series is perfectly true. But where the price is a hundred to two hundred per cent. greater than that charged in England, it is not due to the tariff, but to that principle of trade which operates in some other businesses, namely, that of charging what the traffic will bear. Why should we be charged seventy-five cents for the World's Classics, in red leather, which are sold in England for one shilling and sixpence, when a scientific book published in London for sixteen shillings net, can be bought here for $4.85? This difference is emphasized by the consideration that in the one case the greater demand should make for cheapness, while in the case of the technical book the small sale would be a justification for an increased charge. The fact is the American bookseller has to do with a different public, a public with more money and with less discrimination as to book values.

A certain well-known song occupies three pages of music. Most music publishers would issue such a song in a folder with a single sheet insert and charge forty cents, list, which, with half off to the professional, nets twenty cents. The publishers of this particular song padded it with two pages of advertisements and issued it with a folder insert. Songs of that length usually list at sixty cents. Half off to the professional makes the net charge thirty cents. The song sold by the hundred thousand, and should have become cheaper if anything on that account. But no, the public wanted it and must pay for it, and so the discount was lowered to one-third, making the net cost to the professional forty cents. The tariff does not enter into this case, and beyond the strict 25 per cent. tax it does not enter into the cases cited by "Teacher" in his letter to the *Nation*. Suppose Congress should abolish the tax on books; are we so very sure we could then buy foreign books at the home price plus the cost of shipment? Experience indicates no such result.

Henry Chequer.

Somerville, Mass., April 11.

Literature

A NEW EDITION OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH.

The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion. Spirits of the Corn and the Wild. By J. E. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor of Social Anthropology in the University of Cambridge. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6.50 net.

These volumes represent a part of the third edition of Mr. Frazer's now famous book, which, published a good many years ago, slowly worked its way to a position of high significance among the contributions which our age has made to the study of the earliest forms of human society and the earliest phases of human thought. It has grown in size by the accumulation of new facts drawn from the study of savage races, and a comparison of the beliefs and customs of these races with the records we have of the like customs and ideas in bygone times. The last published instalment of the book contained an examination of the figure of the Dying and Reviving God as it appears in the Oriental religions of classical antiquity. The two present volumes deal with another branch of the subject, viz., the spirits connected with plants and animals, especially those plants which bear a part in man's life in providing him with food and clothing, and those animals which he uses for food or for the purposes of agricultural labor.

The first topic taken up in these volumes is the ancient mythology of Dionysus as a Vine God and a Tree God, traces of which survive among the peasantry of Southeastern Europe to-day, and the similar mythology of Demeter and Persephone as the Corn Goddesses. Then follow the magical significance of games and rites in agriculture, the Corn Mother and Corn Spirits all over the world, and especially the personifications of the Corn Spirit, sometimes as a man (often a stranger), sometimes as an animal, a wolf, or dog, or fox, or cat, or goat, or bull, or horse, or pig, or bird. Next comes, in Vol. II, a treatment of the deities of vegetation as animals, of the practice of eating (in a sacramental sense) first fruits, and offering them in sacrifice, of the belief that the qualities of a living creature pass to one who eats its flesh, and of other kindred topics. On all these an immense mass of information is collected from all parts of the world, so that the book is a veritable treasure-house of materials for a history of the origin and primitive forms of savage religions.

How large and how interesting are the questions regarding primitive man, and indeed regarding man altogether, which these inquiries raise, need not be said. Whether or no we accept Mr. Frazer's explanations—and his immense wealth of knowledge as well as his acuteness entitles his theories to respect—we cannot but be grateful to him for the industry which has collected such a store of facts and arranged them in a form fit for the use of all students and thinkers. He has written one of the great books of our time, and may almost be called the creator of a new branch of inquiry, for although he has not himself been a direct first-hand observer, living among savage tribes, and although others before him, like Mannhart, had collected many significant facts, without which his own book could not have been written, still, in bringing together so many data from different quarters, ancient and modern, and tracing their connection, he has rendered a quite exceptional service to knowledge. It is a service which ought never to be forgotten.

We have not space here to enter on a consideration of his main theories, some of which raise controversy. They can be better dealt with when the remaining parts of the book have appeared. But there are certain lines of interrogation, or of reflection, which present themselves to the reader's mind as he follows the long course of Mr. Frazer's statement of the phenomena. Only

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to a few of these can we advert. Some of them are suggested by the author in his Preface:

> The notion of the immortality and even of the resurrection of the lower animals appears to be almost as familiar to the savage and to be accepted by him with nearly as unwavering a faith as the obvious fact of their death and destruction. For the most part he assumes as a matter of course that the souls of dead animals survive their decease; hence, much of the thought of the savage hunter is devoted to the problem of how he can best appease the naturally incensed ghosts of his victims as to prevent them from doing him a mischief. This refusal of the savage to recognize in death a final cessation of the vital process, this unquestioning faith in the unbroken continuity of all life, is a fact that has not yet received the attention it seems to merit from inquirers into the constitution of the human mind, as well as into the history of religion.
>
> Few men are sensible of the sharp line that divides the known from the unknown. To most men it is a hazy borderland where perception and conception melt indissolubly into one. Hence, to the savage the ghosts of dead animals and men, with which his imagination peoples the void, are hardly less real than the solid shapes of which the living animals and men present to his sense, and his thoughts and activities are nearly as much absorbed by the one as by the other. Of him it may be said with perhaps even greater truth than of his civilized brother: "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."

As one meditates on the facts set forth in the book, not a few other questions emerge which may be called the "by-products" of the inquiry. How, for instance, are we to explain the recurrence in different countries, among tribes which have ever since our knowledge begins been out of all relation to one another, of beliefs and customs almost identical? Does this point to a common origin, at however remote a date, or are we to ascribe it to the action of the same causes operating alike on different races; in other words, to deep-seated general tendencies in the human mind? The point is all the more interesting because a careful examination might throw light on ethnological affinities.

The superstitions or mythologies of various races, and the forms of ritual in which their ideas take shape, are of value as an indication of intellectual quality. If we compare the folk-lore tales of the Celts and Teutons with those of the black peoples of Africa, we are struck by the inferiority of the latter, though it is less striking than that which exists between the developed mythology of the Norsemen, for instance, and the rude fetichism of the negro. There is much more of an imaginative quality in the former. How far can the more or less of a poetical element in superstitious beliefs and usages be treated as a test of progress towards civilization? Another interesting question presents itself when we ask how far usages and folk-lore have been passed on by one race to another. In European Turkey we find customs very like those which existed long before the Christian era; yet the population has been affected by the incoming of not a few new tribes from distant quarters.

The suggestions which Mr. Frazer throws out regarding the connection between the sacramental killing and eating of a victim who is also an object of worship, and the Jewish Passover, with its influence on the sacraments of Christianity, raise another whole group of questions too large to be discussed here. It may well be doubted whether much of the primal ideas through which the Passover may have originally grown up can have still survived among the Jews at the time when Christianity arose. The persistence of ancient superstitious customs is indeed amply illustrated in this book. Even in England, France, and Germany there are plenty of such survivals to-day. But the original meaning and purpose of the custom has in most cases been long since forgotten.

This persistence seems to be now nearing its end, at least among the civilized peoples. Elementary schools will before long kill it out in the countries last mentioned, though it may remain for centuries among the aborigines of India and Siberia and South America. It is an interesting, though not a surprising, fact that the old usages do not take fresh root in new lands. One never hears that any of the agricultural superstitions and customs described with such fulness in these volumes have crossed the sea, even with Lithuanian or Italian immigrants, from those regions where they are still observed, so unlike are the conditions of migration in our age from those of the days when Teutons and Celts, Finns and Slavs, were wandering over all the countries between the Euxine and the Baltic. This is one of the many marks of the wonderful change passing over the world in our days. It is fortunate that such a record as these volumes contain of the former world has been now compiled, for fifty years hence many of the phenomena it describes will have passed away from popular use and memory.

CURRENT FICTION.

Wilsam. By S. C. Nethersole. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"Wilsam" is an Old English word surviving in Kent, the scene of this tale. It means "Goods driven ashore when no wreck or ship is visible, hence called Goods of God's Mercy." So is driven little Mercy Pardilow, a child of seven, whose mother goes down with a London-bound ship a mile or two off the Kent shore. A label on the child's clothing consigns her to Milly Gatehouse of Lucksboat Farm, Kent. Milly herself, as fortune will have it, is on the shore when "Wilsam" is delivered up by the sea. Milly not only is sister to Mercy's mother, but has borne, in youth and in secret, a child to Mercy's father. Providence has gently veiled her mind as to the past, and there are times when it gives way altogether. Her brother, Robert Gatehouse, of Sibert Wood, is a hard, narrow man, and his wife is a hard, jealous woman. They have two sons, the younger an amiable cripple and a poet, the elder a handsome but ruthless and ambitious lad, a son of his house. Milly's son is a consumptive.

Here, it will be seen, are all the necessary materials for one of those narratives of sordid rustic life which a certain school in fiction has made so much of the past decade or two. The good poet Michael loves Mercy, but Mercy loves Sibert, the elder cousin. Sibert, from his point, loves a butterfly, but, being jilted, comes to Mercy for life-partnership. He inherits his father's selfish absorption in money-making, sacrifices his wife and little son to the welfare of his hop-fields, and loses the child by one of those dreadful, hateful accidents of neglect which seem to make a mockery of life. Sibert Gatehouse succumbs to the family tendency, and goes mad for a season. Only for a season: here romance emerges, for the first time with any certainty of step, from our painful and grim "reality." The father gets back his reason, and when he gets it back, he is a changed man. His grasping ambitions are gone, his selfishness is gone. Much of his strength also is gone, and there is something rather painful in Mercy's contentedness that this should be so. "My husband is all mine, now; neither pig-headedness, nor the labor of money-getting, nor other love holds him—he is all mine. . . . Even if the strain of it tires me out before my time, it is my life, it is worth while, that always, all day long, I am the staff on which Sibert leans." A minor and plaintive strain of romance, a "dying fall," which hardly serves to cheer the reader after all the restless pathos that has gone before. The spirit of the book, as a whole, is enervating rather than bracing; it lacks the robust constitution of great fiction.

Unexpected Affinities. By Susan Taber. New York: Duffield & Co.

All the trouble in this story came directly from the theorizing of Mr. Hervey, who was a gentle, absent-minded pater-familias in private life, and in public an inspiring "leader of advanced thought." Between what Mr. Hervey said about the equality of the sexes, and what he said about the ultimate neces-

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sity of eliminating the capitalistic class, the poor man nearly "did for" both his daughters in a matrimonial way. For Rosalie, remembering father's sayings, instead of humoring an elderly husband when he showed himself a bit of a martinet, thought to assert her right to consideration by engaging in a flirtation with his cousin. And a young Irish mechanic, who had heard Mr. Hervey on "Labor and Its Relation to Capital," was for beginning at once on the elimination of the moneyed class, starting with the particular plutocrat who had offended him personally. And the victim of both these plots was none other than the world-weary multi-millionaire whom Alice Hervey had elected to love to distraction. Altogether the Herveys' Long Island sojourn was full of harrowing suspense that year.

While the events of the story are marching on to prove that Griselda is still the pattern of the "model wife" and that the best hope of the masses lies in the intelligent benignity of the conspicuously wealthy, the reader may stop occasionally to puzzle his head over sentences like these: "Alice was not impervious to her surroundings" and "The earth had the radiant appearance of a young girl fresh from her bath in the sea, and pausing to dry her wet hair and rosy cheeks upon the shore."

The Nest. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: The Century Co.

Mrs. de Selincourt says in her Preface:

> It seemed suitable when making a selection of short stories for publication in book form, to include my first attempt with my last, and therefore the very juvenile production—"Miss Jones and the Masterpiece"—finds a place with the others.

This is magnanimous, and even bold. The story of the priggish model, for the sake of whose qualms and charms a painter cuts to ribbons his masterpiece, is crudely told. It was written before Miss Sedgwick acquired the urbane style, the suave, hesitant, allusive, qualifying manner of presenting a story cultivated (though not invented) by Henry James. That manner is, we suspect, already obsolescent—the blunt and robustious style is to have its turn—but has been effectively used by various story-tellers of the past decade, notably Mrs. Wharton and Miss Sedgwick. Its danger is in lending an air of subtlety to simple and even commonplace materials. We are not sure that the substance of "Miss Jones and the Masterpiece" is really of less account than that of "The Suicide" or "The Nest."

The title-story is based upon a situation of dramatic possibilities, but its working-up is novel rather than original. A man is warned by a specialist that he has only a month to live. His instinct is to go home, to "the nest," for refuge; but he determines to spare his wife the shock of knowing his fate. The discovery that she is on the eve of flight with another man leads him to tell her, so that she may not spoil her future for nothing: she will have only a month to wait. The wife's passion returns; the month is a second honeymoon—and the end of it satiety on the man's part, the discovery that he is not going to die after all, and the wife's bitter resentment of both facts. "The Forsaken Temple" is in the same key. "The Suicide" and "The White Pagoda" are bits of lighter comedy.

The Heart of the Hills. By John Fox, jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In a story which leaves a clearer impression of contemporary history than of personal drama, Mr. Fox records the passing of his mountaineers and shows Kentucky during the last years of the nineteenth century in the throes of transition. When coal lands began to be opened and small farms began to replace the great estates, the lordly days of the Blue Grass aristocracy were already past, and the picturesque days of half-savage mountain life were numbered.

All the changes that one generation can compass in the relations of the two sections are illustrated in the friendship of four representative young people who invade each other's territory—the Blue Grass boy and girl visiting the hills in their younger days and the mountain boy and girl later attending the Blue Grass college. Between the son of the mountaineer and the son of the gentleman farmer mutual respect gradually supplants the instinct of rivalry, as the consciousness of superiority on one side and resentment of it on the other are lost in the democracy of youth. Each comes near to stealing the other's sweetheart, but each in the end comes back to his own and casts in his lot among his own people. For although in a few years antagonism can give place to good will, the disparity between a century of gentle breeding and a century of semi-savagery cannot be overcome so speedily. It is the wisdom of the mountain girl that recognizes this intangible barrier and accepts the limits it imposes.

While all this is interesting as a social record, and there are, to boot, exciting passages in the civilization of the young barbarian Jason (he is even brought to trial for complicity in the murder of Gov. Goebel), there is nothing in the rest of the story to compare with the opening scenes of mountain childhood. In this case, as often before, we might easily have dismissed the author as an agreeably light-hearted romancer of rather conventional imagination, were it not for the partiality he knows so well how to enlist at the outset for his little men and women of the wilderness.

Sally Castleton, Southerner. By Chittenden Marriott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Again the beautiful daughter of a Southern general falls in love with a Northern spy, and falls not vainly. From the moment when they first set eyes on each other it is clear that nothing is going to be able to part them, though the situation, outside of red covers, would be unpromising enough. The most original actor in the drama is a stove in which the wounded Confederate hides himself, while the spy, in a loud ringing voice, confides his name and his plans to a fellow-Yankee. The result is that our Capt. Radcliffe makes the rest of his journey to Richmond under the eye of Southern authority. He is also required to escort thither the fair Sally, who hates the enemy of her country, though she loves the man. Their adventures are in accordance with the best traditions of the theme: there is no more to say.

THE LAND OF PYGMIES.

Pygmies and Papuans: The Stone Age To-day in Dutch New Guinea. By A. F. R. Wollaston. With appendices, illustrations, and maps. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. $4.

The Land of the New Guinea Pygmies: An Account of the Story of a Pioneer Journey of Exploration into the Heart of New Guinea. By Capt. C. G. Rawling. With 48 illustrations and a map. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

The charm of Dutch New Guinea lies in the fact that it is now the least known part of the world, and that one finds there man in the earliest stage of human civilization, the Stone Age. It is almost inaccessible. For thirty miles inland it is a desolate tree-covered swamp, with an extraordinary network of waterways. Then come the foothills separated by deep ravines with almost unclimbable knife-edged ridges. These lead up to the Snow Mountains, whose crowning peak is higher than Mont Blanc, and which have many precipices, one of these having a sheer descent of 10,000 feet, the deepest in the world. Any party attempting to go inland must take every ounce of food along, and while below the foothills is at any time likely to be overwhelmed by the floods occasioned by the incessant rains. The difficulties of exploration by land or water are so great that a joint English and German expedition, under the leadership of Lieut. Graetz,

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which has planned to start next October, will carry a dirigible balloon.

The wonderful fauna, and especially the marvellous forms of bird and insect life known to exist there, led the British Ornithologists' Union, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, to undertake a zoölogical exploration. The scope of the expedition was broadened by the contribution of funds by the Royal Geographical Society. A liberal grant of money also was made by the British Government, and the Government of Holland not only supplied an armed guard at its own expense, but conveyed the expedition in a gunboat from Batavia to New Guinea. Early in January, 1910, a well-equipped company, the leaders of which were six Englishmen, collectors and surveyors, landed at the base of operations near the mouth of a river on the southern coast. From this point for fifteen months numerous unsuccessful attempts were made to reach the snow limit. Mr. Wollaston, who was medical officer, entomologist, and botanist of the party, writes the official account.

The failure was due mainly to the lack of efficient native carriers, to their dependence on canoes and rowboats instead of steam launches, and to the incessant rains. A stream that one day was so shallow that it was difficult to drag a canoe, might on the next be a raging torrent not to be faced. During a period of twelve months rain fell on 330 days; several nights more than six inches fell. Camps were continually overflowed and the food stores ruined, while the few native inhabitants had no settled homes. Notwithstanding the terrible monotony and unhealthfulness of the life, the fascination of the region and the longing to overcome the obstacles to its exploration are such that Mr. Wollaston, soon after his return to England, started on another expedition, and is now in New Guinea, having succeeded in reaching the snow on January 30 of this year. Several other parties are also engaged in exploration.

The scientific results of the expedition, though it failed in its main object, were of great importance. Many new and interesting forms of bird-life were added to the natural history collections of the British Museum, including ten species new to science and thirteen species of birds of paradise. The information obtained from intercourse with the Papuans of the coast region reveals the existence of a people so primitive that they are using stone axes and shell knives. They have no knowledge of pottery, and "water boiling they had never seen" until the white explorers came among them. They did not cultivate the ground on account of the recurrent floods, and the bulk of their food is sago.

In the foothill region a tribe of pygmies, called Tapiro, was discovered, the average height of the men being 4 feet 9 inches. Notwithstanding several visits to their village, a woman was never seen. They were more intelligent than the coast natives, their houses, built on piles, being greatly superior to the Papuan huts, and they cultivated the ground. Yet their only tools were stone axes and pieces of wood. Their apparatus for making a fire consisted of a split piece of wood, a long piece of rattan, and the tinder, sometimes a lump of a palm shoot, sometimes a piece of dried moss.

The birds were very numerous, but it was difficult to get sight of them on account of the density of the forest. At one place, says Mr. Wollaston, "the air of the jungle was heavy with the scent of the wild vanilla, and all around us were calling (but we could not see them) Greater Birds of Paradise; sometimes we were within sound of as many as six at one time. On that day, too, I first saw the Rifle Bird (*Ptilorhis intercedens*), one of the most beautiful though the least gaudy of the birds of paradise, whose long-drawn whistle can never be mistaken or forgotten." Notes on the 2,200 birds collected, representing about 235 species, are contributed in an appendix by W. R. Ogilvie-Grant. The pygmies are discussed in another appendix by the great authority on that subject, Dr. A. C. Haddon, while S. H. Ray gives notes, with vocabularies, on some of the languages of Dutch New Guinea. There are two maps and sixty illustrations, including six colored plates, reproductions of drawings of the stone axes, carved wooden clubs, ornaments, etc.

In "The Land of the New Guinea Pygmies" Capt. Rawling describes his experiences while attached as surveyor to the expedition to Dutch New Guinea. He succeeded in mapping 3,000 square miles of hitherto unknown land. Although he failed in his main purpose to reach the snow-line, his discovery of the Tapiro pygmies is important, especially for anthropologists. These people are evidently strongly attached to their own way of doing things, for when Capt. Rawling, after watching one make fire by rubbing a rattan rope against the sharp edge of a stick, showed how it could be done by a match, "the effect was disappointing as, after one gasp of surprise and a grunt of disapproval, he not only refused to accept the box as a present, but walked hurriedly away when the experiment was about to be repeated." Their dress, that is, of the men, for a woman was never seen, "consisted of a grass helmet with upright rims, and a projection at the crown into which a bird of paradise plume could be inserted."

Next to the pygmies and the Papuan natives of the coast regions, the birds were the most interesting of all the living creatures. Among the new species discovered was a bower bird,

so called because of the bowers or huts they construct for nesting purposes in a forest clearing. The huts are composed of moss, and are of elaborate structure, opening in front on to a lawn or garden, the whole laid out with great exactness and scrupulous care, and decked with brilliant leaves, flowers, and berries. On this dainty lawn the male bird dances and disports himself before his mate, or meets other males, who play and dance together. The flowers and berries are grouped or placed in lines, according to their colors, and are renewed as soon as they fade.

The value and attractiveness of the book are increased by the reproduction of 48 photographs and a map showing the results of the surveys.

The Daffodil Fields. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

It is only a little while since every one was repeating that style is the sole preservative of literature. Without style, we were assured, anything like a work of permanent literary value is impossible. And now with these words still ringing in our ears we are asked to look upon Mr. Masefield's doggerel as portentous of a new and higher order of poetry. Not that Mr. Masefield cannot write as respectable verse as any one when he pleases. Much of his "Story of a Round House" would pass muster in any collection. Indeed, to a sane criticism the sea pieces in the latter half of that volume, together with a few descriptive passages in "Dauber"—for Mr. Masefield, be it said, is as descriptive as any decadent of them all—constitute his best work. But it is not such matters as these—nor even his odd fancy for the rhyme royal, which reappears in his latest volume, "The Daffodil Fields"—it is his violence, his licentiousness, in a word his barbarism, which is gleefully hailed, as the first fruits of a genuinely modern English poetry, by a chorus of enthusiastic admirers, who point triumphantly to his poetic atrocities as though they were so many spiritual qualities.

It is all very bewildering. But it would be much more so were it not for certain characteristics of the time, which serve in a manner to define if not to explain the puzzle. In the first place, there is the current optimistic fatalism which is closely allied with the modern doctrine of progress. On the one hand we cheerfully prate of eugenics as though the race, like a superior breed of cattle, were capable of indefinite improvement by its own efforts and by taking thought we might add any number of cubits to our stature. On the other hand, we sigh despondently over Socialism as though, however undesirable, it were ineluctable by any exertion on our

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part. And all the time for the physical development of the species we can do but little, while the growth of Socialism is entirely within our control. But in whichever way our interests or the accidents of the moment lead us to express ourselves with regard to any particular subject, we all agree with Hegelian fatuity that whatever happens must happen for the best, since it happens fatally—that every step is necessarily an advance, that all motion is promotion—in short, that anything and everything is progress.

It is no wonder, then, that those whose daily thinking is pervaded with this genial philosophy, should apply it to Mr. Masefield as well as to Socialism. You may not like him, they declare with exquisite irony, his halting stanzas, his limping versification, his vulgarity of expression, his indecency of theme; but there he is, and that is the end of it. And yet may it not be permissible to suggest that, after all, Mr. Masefield is not inevitable; he is not one of the great elemental forces of nature? On the contrary, the success of his writing depends entirely upon our indulgence; and if we indulge his work, we do so, not because it is either fatal or superior, but because it is agreeable with our own temper and disposition.

That it is in harmony with certain ideas of the day it is impossible to deny. Above all, it falls in with the prevailing conception in accordance with which the term human has come to suggest all the vices, frailties, and errors of mortality. When we use the word humanity nowadays we imply, not the dignity of a creature made a little lower than the angels, but the debility of a species which has evolved a little from the brutes. Such is the connotation, a connotation little different from animal, with which science has gradually familiarized us—science, be it said, for it would not be fair to incriminate the sciences in detail, though some of them, pleasantly termed moral, are doing their best to confound the confusion and discredit even our noblest attainments by raking them back indiscriminately into the rubbish heap of our brutish origins. In this sense humanity has grown to signify the lower, baser, more instinctive elements of the race. And it is just this besotted humanity of which Mr. Masefield's verse is the living figure and illustration. The mean, the sordid, the degraded—these are the aspects of life with which he is the most concerned. In some respects, it must be acknowledged, his vision resembles Crabbe's; but it differs immeasurably in being totally devoid of moral atmosphere. His puppets are twitched by instinct and by instinct alone. They seem to have no inhibitions. Whether they are in for murder or conversion, they proceed spasmodically and without scruple, compunction, or reflection. Like the lower animals, they act out of the immediacy of their nature; their pathos, for there is a kind of crude pathos about them, is the pathos of brute or insensate things. One and all they might serve as demonstrations of Stirner; they are examples of "instantaneity." For this reason there is something curiously automatic and machine-like about them.

In this respect again Mr. Masefield flatters the inclinations of his time—in particular, its hankering for passion. Like every weak and febrile individual or generation, we have developed an ardent admiration for the more convulsive and elementary emotions. Nietzsche is an instance. Strength for us has become a paroxysm; sexual desire especially, as the most fitful and headlong of impulses, has come to exercise an uncanny fascination over our imagination. Witness the research of what our current literature calls passion. Under these circumstances we may congratulate ourselves that Mr. Masefield has rescued us from decadence by a resort to violence: the fact is that we have but exchanged one form of decadence for another. There are many forms of decadence; and if we are to have decadence at all, it is better to have the "comely decadence" of Walter Pater than the obscene and unseemly decadence of Mr. Masefield.

Youth and Life. By Randolph S. Bourne Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

The precocious young man writing of himself, in imitation of his elders, with insolent and piquant egotism, is neither an infrequent nor an especially alarming phenomenon; after a little sparkling and sputtering he usually goes out. The author of this book is indubitably a young man, but happily of a different family. Only in his last chapter, A Philosophy of Handicap, does he draw directly upon experience peculiar to himself, and that chapter is in effect a really stimulating and triumphant valediction to handicap—the maturest thing in the volume. For the rest, he is an earnest eulogist of five-and-twenty, discoursing fervently, solemnly, and almost impersonally through thirteen smoothly expository chapters on Youth and Life, written with tall capitals—the latter viewed pretty much in the rosy abstract. To indicate his position more precisely, he is a Galahad with sword girt on, kneeling in the chapel and consecrating his arms. This is equivalent to saying that he is in love with love, devoted to art, and ambitious to reform the world, and that he would probably look on becoming an alderman, writing a textbook, or marrying Susan as a base and ridiculous compromise with the existing order.

Such young men are useful and dangerous. They constantly renew the vigor of old and middle-aged men by threatening, as the phrase goes, to blow them off the "lid"—a corrective, doubtless, to senile apathy, but irritating to elderly patience. Mr. Bourne is probably right in insisting that the young men "see visions," but then, if we may permit ourselves the transatlantic expression, you have got to see a jolly lot of other things before your vision amounts to much. And you may have a nice measure of your age in the degree of impatience with which you read our author's remarks on the Virtues and Seasons of Life. The writer of this review, for example, regarded himself, on opening the book, as a man of uncertain age, but when he came to the author's advice on the rearing of children, he looked in the glass for gray hairs. "Life," says our philosopher, "will present so many inevitable necessities to the child when he gets out into the world that it seems premature to burden his childhood with a training which will be largely useless." This is directed at the moral and religious instruction imposed by parents on their offspring. This benevolent monster, life, as we are informed, "endows us with a morality that a mother and father with the power and the love of angels working through all the years of our childhood, could not have created within us. Trust life and not your own feeble efforts to create the soul in the child!" At this point the reviewer in a fit of senile irritation scrawled in the margin: "In heaven's name, are not, then, the efforts of father and mother a legitimate and desirable part of 'life'?" And, turning to another elderly person, he added, "So long as the young men propose to revise 'life' by omitting the nurture and admonition of parents, let us continue to sit quietly on the lid."

A sense that he had lost his immortal youth passed over the reviewer again while he was perusing Mr. Bourne's discourse on the Excitement of Friendship. Now this friendship prized by youth "is lived on a warm, impetuous plane" (*sic*), it languishes in absence, it has no place for "harsh criticism or faultfinding"; "for the secret of friendship is a mutual admiration, and it is the realization or suspicion that that admiration is lessening on one side or the other that swiftly breaks the charm." At this, it must be admitted, the reviewer yawned behind his hand, and felt like a member of a school board at a high-school commencement. "Mutual admiration" he vaguely recalled as the bond of feminine alliances and the earliest league of youth; the adult friendship stood rough knocks, was indifferent to separation, subsisted, indeed, upon a pleased mutual recognition of competency in the pursuit of interests external to the friends.

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But to continue in this strain would be to write another homily on another of the seven ages of man; and Mr. Bourne will treat the period much more effectively when he reaches it. His presentation of the younger generation shows a pretty talent for analysis, somewhat overworked. As for the generation itself, it appears here to be a little deficient in gayety of heart, unduly confident in the strength of its insight, and amazingly disrespectful of its predecessors. In compensation it is fearless, honest, and terribly serious. Its vision —to tell the truth, we think its vision will improve with age. (We of "the generation which is fast passing away" do not so much envy your possession of that.) Its fine heat and passion, its sense of dedication—that is its sacred gift, which the cynic life will gamble for; something should come of that.

Writings of John Quincy Adams. Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. Vol. I. 1779-1796. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

The scholarly industry of Mr. Ford, lately exhibited with conspicuous success in the monumental edition of Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation," now promises to add another title to the already considerable list of definitive editions of the writings of American statesmen. The writings of John Quincy Adams have not, of course, been entirely unavailable hitherto. Besides the twelve volumes of "Memoirs," edited by his son, Charles Francis Adams, in 1874-77, we have his Presidential messages and proclamations accessible in various compilations, besides the indispensable record of the *Congressional Globe*. His extensive correspondence, however, has for the most part remained in manuscript, and no collection has been made of his occasional contributions to newspapers and his miscellaneous writings and publications.

Mr. Ford's editorial method is not likely, we think, to go unchallenged, and certainly invites comment. He does not, for one thing, as a rule, indicate the source from which the various papers are drawn, or make clear whether or not they have previously been printed. In the case of personal letters, the source is apparently the manuscript collections of the Adams family; but whether that is the case with the diplomatic correspondence is not stated. Further, he does not propose to reproduce all that Adams wrote, but only such a selection as will include "what is of permanent historical value, and what is essential to a comprehension of the man in all his private and public relations." The "Memoirs," itself only a selection, is to be used "only where needed to explain the text" of what is now to be printed. Apparently, therefore, the bulk of the contents of this edition is to consist of correspondence and state papers.

An examination of the present volume shows that, even within these limits, Mr. Ford has exercised considerable editorial latitude. Much personal matter has evidently been omitted. Of the three "Menander" papers contributed to the *Columbian Centinel*, in 1792, only one is given; and only three of the four "Columbus" papers on the Genet episode, published in the same journal in 1793. Letters deemed of minor importance have been relegated to footnotes, in extract or summary, though upon what principle is not always clear. A good illustration of this latter procedure is afforded by the last document in the volume, where a long letter to John Adams, dated June 24, 1796, and dealing with the likelihood of war between the United States and Great Britain, is followed by long extracts from letters of June 16 and 22 to the Secretary of State, on the same subject, and of apparently equal significance. On what principle Mr. Ford prints the personal letter in full, and the official letters, also in manuscript, in a footnote and in extract only, it would be interesting to know.

There will, of course, be no disposition to question Mr. Ford's assurance, in his preface, that nothing has been suppressed which can contribute to a knowledge of Adams in either his public or his private life, and that the texts are printed as written. The reëditing of so voluminous a work as the "Memoirs," too, might well give the most courageous editor pause. It is important to note Mr. Ford's method and omissions, however, because they serve to differentiate this edition of Adams's writings from recent editions of the writings of Washington, Hamilton, Madison, and others; and because what is "of permanent historical value" and "essential" in studying Adams's career can be seen only by using the volumes of this edition and the "Memoirs" together.

The present volume, extending to 1796, covers the years of Adams's boyhood in Europe, his student days at Harvard and law studies at Newburyport, his brief period of law practice in Boston, and the first two years of his diplomatic service at The Hague, to which post he was appointed in May, 1794, at the early age of twenty-seven. His earliest letters, written mainly to his father and mother, exhibit the precocity which went far to justify the remark that he "never grew up," but stepped full-fledged, even as a youth, into the field of politics. Barring a certain self-conscious positiveness, natural in one with his inheritance, and a style occasionally stilted after the manner of the age, his observations on men, institutions, events, and tendencies are singularly acute and sound. His aversion to monarchy and aristocracy is balanced by a profound distrust of democracy, at the same time that he sees some of the pitfalls in the *via media* of representative government.

In the Netherlands, where his main business at first was the negotiation of a loan, his letters on the military and political convulsions of the time show unusual powers of observation and description, marked skill in acquiring and sifting information, and, in the main, a sound but by no means friendly estimate of French policy. In England, on the other hand, whither he was sent in 1795 to exchange the ratifications of the Jay treaty, he found only "rancorous enemies" of the American Administration in power, declared to his father that "between the United States and Great Britain no *cordiality* can exist," and thought that "it is on our part [not] to be desired." Gouverneur Morris, who records that Adams, "in his wrath and indignation at the conduct of the British Government, seemed absolutely mad," was set down by Adams as "more decidedly English the more I see of him."

Mr. Ford's explanatory work has the skill and finish of a practiced hand. His notes, modestly said to be restricted "to the identification of individuals and indication of related material," are very full, including not only numerous extracts from other sources than the Adams papers, but also summary accounts or explanations of related events. The frontispiece is an excellent reproduction of the well-known Copley painting of Adams, done in 1795.

Notes

In "Jewish History and Literature under the Maccabees and Herod," B. H. Alford furnishes a continuation of a volume published in 1910 with the title, "Old Testament History and Literature." Longmans publish the work.

The following titles are promised by Putnams for June 3: "An Unknown Lover," by Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey; "Sunia; A Himalayan Idyll," by Maud Diver, and "The Letters, Speeches, and Correspondence of Carl Schurz," edited by Frederic Bancroft.

Books in preparation by Dutton include: "The Rubai'yat of Omar Khayyam," with seventy-five illustrations, by Edmund J. Sullivan; "Jane Austen," by William Austen Leigh and Richard Austen Leigh; "The Youth of Goethe," by P. Hume Brown; and the following numbers of the Channels of English Literature series: "The English Novel," by George Saintsbury; "English Lyric Poetry," by Ernest Rhys; "English Elegiac, Didactic, and Religious Poetry," by the Rev. H. C. Beaching, D.D.; "English Satirists and Humorous Literature," by Oliphant Smeaton; "The English Essays and Essayists," by Hugh Walker; "English History and Schools of History," by Richard

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Lodge, and "English Criticism," by J. W. H. Atkins.

The Harvard University Press announces the following books as in preparation: "Essays on English Agrarian History in the Sixteenth Century," by Edwin Francis Gay; "Studies in Anglo-Norman Institutions," by Charles Homer Haskins; "Essays on Chaucer," by George Lyman Kittredge; "The Way of Salvation (Buddhaghosa's Treatise on Buddhism)," translated from the original Pāli into English by Charles Rockwell Lanman; "The Search for Salvation in the Greek and Roman World," by Clifford Herschel Moore; "Judaism at the Beginning of the Christian Era," by George Foote Moore; "The Works of Vitruvius," translated by the late Morris Hicky Morgan, prepared for publication by Albert Andrew Howard and Herbert Langford Warren; "A Bibliography of Municipal Government," by William Bennett Munro; "The Harvard Expedition to Samaria," by George Andrew Reisner; "The Principles of Business Policy," by Arch Wilkinson Shaw; "Cases on Constitutional Law," by Eugene Wambaugh, and "The Yoga-System of Patañjali, or the Ancient Hindu Doctrine of Concentration of Mind," translated from the original Sanscrit by James Haughton Woods.

Doubleday, Page & Co. are reprinting Joseph Conrad's books, "Youth," "Lord Jim," "The Point of Honor," and "Romance."

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce the establishment of an educational department by the purchase of the Thompson Brown Co.

This week Holt is bringing out Rupin's "Die Juden der Gegenwart," translated from the second revised edition, with an introduction by Dr. Joseph Jacobs, and "The World Soul," by H. Fielding-Hall.

The new edition of Samuel Butler's "Alps and Sanctuaries of Piedmont and Canton Ticino," which Mr. Fifield is bringing out, has an introduction by R. A. Streatfeild, besides several additions which were found in Butler's manuscripts.

"By a small majority Congregation at Oxford has passed the preamble of a statute establishing a commercial diploma at the University." But, as the *Athenæum* goes on to say, "a preamble, as we know, does not mean any hurry about 'reform,' and we think it likely that Oxford will do without this one for some time to come. The city of lost causes is not yet the stronghold of loud cash."

The "New York Times Index," just issued, is a most useful and valuable record of all the important events of the first three months of the year, filling 272 large octavo pages. It will be helpful as a reference to any newspaper kept on file. If the amount of space given to any subject is the proof of its significance, then the American people are most interested in sports, for fifty-five columns are devoted to them, while President Wilson and Congress have only eight each, woman's suffrage six, and the Balkan war a little more than three.

An interesting and valuable contribution to "Eskimology" is Mr. V. Stefansson's account of the distribution of life in Western Arctic America, in the *Geographical Journal* for May. For more than five years, he has wandered in the Arctic, often with no European companion; he has made himself master of the Eskimo lore and traditions, and so revealed the human side of the region more fully than any other explorer. He calls attention to the deceptiveness of the figures of our census returns for northern Alaska, which show "that the Eskimo population of the country has remained approximately constant for the last thirty years." But these returns are concerned only with the coast people, whereas the people of the interior have become almost extinct since the introduction of firearms has destroyed the caribou, their chief food.

Retrospective views of the results of race-mixture in various lands, with special reference to the Indian and negro in America, are given by Prof. G. Fritsch, of the University of Berlin, in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for April. As the result of his investigations he believes that not every intermingling of races necessarily implies a deterioration. In the military department are a description of the new Albanian State by Prof. A. Baldacci, of the University of Bologna, and a short account of Cheik-Said, an abandoned French Gibraltar, by Capt. E. E. Schulze. This is a town on the Arabian shore of the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, at the outlet of the Red Sea, which was for many years in the possession of the French and was regarded by Napoleon as an important post, but is now abandoned.

The article most worthy of mention in the New International Year Book for 1912 (Dodd, Mead) is the one on the Presidential campaign of last year. It runs to fifty pages, one-fourth of which are taken up with the party platforms, printed in full. The editor's remark that especial pains has been taken to insure comprehensiveness and impartiality well defines the result. It is not only the best account of the complicated series of incidents which it follows, but the only adequate one easily accessible. Other topics which receive particular attention in this volume are the Titanic disaster, and the question of safety at sea; the Balkan war; the minimum wage; workingmen's compensation; syndicalism; the Panama Canal, and city planning. The thin paper, a feature introduced in last year's issue, adds materially to the ease of handling a book which many persons will have occasion to consult frequently.

The eighteenth revised edition of Baedeker's "Paris" is now ready for travellers who are turning in that direction. Like its gaudy and ubiquitous companions, it is published in this country by Scribners. Another volume from the same house is Ethel E. Bicknell's "Paris and Her Treasures," also a guidebook, not so exhaustively complete as its scarlet rival, but having a certain, doubtful, advantage of illustrations.

Three new volumes of the Loeb Classical Library (Macmillan) have come to us. Two of these, Vol. III of Horace White's text and translation of Appian's "Roman History" and Volume II of F. Storr's Sophocles, are continuations of authors whom we have already noticed. Besides these, there is the first of the three volumes which are to contain "The Works of the Emperor Julian," with an English translation by Prof. Wilmer Cave Wright. Of the Julian we shall have more to say when the work is further advanced.

Dr. G. B. Grundy, of Corpus Christi, Oxford, has got together a volume of metrical versions from the Greek Anthology, which Henry Frowde (in New York) publishes for him as "Ancient Gems in Modern Settings." A considerable number of the epigrams are translated by the editor himself, and with no mean skill, as this example from Crinagoras may testify:

E'en shouldst thou live the quiet life, nor sail
The sea, nor travel on the land,
To journey into Attica thou shouldst not fail,
And on Demeter's nights of worship stand
Within her temple. Thus of life's dull care
Thou shalt be free: and, when thou goest where
We all must dwell, thy spirit shall not quail.

It is an attractive little book, though it must be confessed that very few of the translators have been able, like William Cory, with his wonderful version of Callimachus, to catch the real spirit of the anthologists, with their undertone of delicate pathos. It is true, as Parrhasius wrote in the quatrain with which Dr. Grundy closes his pleasant introduction:

'Twill sound a foolish boast; but still I make it,
We have attained the clear-set bounds of art.
Further man cannot go; but, yet I take it,
The critic still will play the critic's part.

Translation is a difficult thing at best, and translation of Tacitus is an impossibility. This is frankly admitted by W. Hamilton Fyfe in the introduction to his version of "The Histories" (Clarendon Press). "Because Tacitus is never a mere stylist," he says, "some of us continue in the failure to translate him." For a "failure" this effort is unusually successful. Mr. Fyfe renders the sense of the author accurately and in faultless English of a high order of stylistic merit. This involves, to be sure, a free handling of Tacitean sentence structure, but even so he approaches nearer to the spirit of the original than do former translators. Only rarely does he attempt to render epigram by epigram. A single sentence (I, 89) will show at once the difficulty and the measure of success of this translation:

Vulgus et magnitudine nimia communium curarum expers populus sentire paulatim belli mala, conversa in militum usum omni pecunia, intentis alimentorum pretiis.

Though the cares of state were too vast to arouse any interest in the masses, yet as the price of food rose and the whole revenue was devoted to military purposes, the common people gradually began to realize the evils of war.

This is of course not Tacitus, but it is good. A short introduction warns readers against criticising the Roman historian for not following modern historical methods, and defends his narrative against the modern tendency to whitewash everything ancient, of which Ferrero furnishes so good an example, in his recent treatment of the women of the Cæsars, although Mr. Fyfe does not mention him. When occasion arises, necessary explanations are found in notes.

We have more than once called attention to the extraordinary flabbiness of a good deal of the popular biography produced in Great Britain and imported to this country at prices which may be warranted by the paper and binding of the books, but which from any other point of view are simply exorbitant. A worse specimen of this British product than Giberne Sieveking's "Memoir of Sir Horace Mann" (Dut-

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ton) does not often reach New York. Mr. Sieveking's knowledge of history is measured by the statement that Walpole resigned in 1741, with no word to indicate that the February of this year is by the reformed calendar changed to 1742. His knowledge of eighteenth-century literature is shown by the insertion of a (*sic*) after the phrase "is wrote" in a letter. His own grammar is proved by this: "For between the leaves of some letters lie pressed the essence of a personality." And the general elegance of his style is illustrated, briefly but feebly, by this: "By 29th May the whole explosion of disturbance as regards the English ship which had been captured, is quieted, for the ship had been restored." The book, in a word, is simply illiterate. By what means books of this sort—and the present volume is only a bad specimen of its kind—get published in London we do not know; probably the publishers rely on pictures and thick paper and high prices to sell a certain number of copies in this country. Curiously enough this evil is particularly evident in the field of popular biography. It does much harm, since this is the field to which aspiring readers are likely to turn first from indiscriminate fiction.

"The Children's Reading" (Houghton Mifflin), by Frances Jenkins Olcott, answers sensibly a large number of questions that are frequently asked by parents. Each of the fourteen brief chapters (on Ways of Guiding Reading, Picture Books and Illustrators, Poetry and Rhymes, Useful Books, Religious Books, etc.) is followed by an annotated list of books. In her choice of verse the author is perhaps least helpful, including as she does such a difficult poem as Lowell's "Commemoration Ode." The appendix contains a graded list of 100 good stories, a detailed explanation of the mode of procuring books through public libraries and by purchase, and an extended list of editions of books available at moderate prices.

A notice in these columns last year of Miss Margaret E. Burton's "Education of Women in China" referred to the singular success of mission schools in reaching the submerged half of China's millions. The author has supplemented her first book by a second, "Notable Women of Modern China" (Revell Company), which assembles what French essayists would call the *pièces justificatives* of the earlier work. Of the half-dozen biographies here recorded, four are those of physicians now in charge of hospitals who have been professionally trained in America, one of a lady of wealth and distinction devoting herself to evangelization among women of the upper class in Foochow, and one of a Taoist nun whose conversion to Christianity at the close of her life was the result of her almost instant conviction of the futility of her asceticism after visiting her cousin Dr. Mary Stone's hospital. The resolute action of this lonely girl in abandoning her idols and violating the traditions of her people has a dramatic poignancy which recalls stories of the early Christian Church. Perhaps the most notable woman in this collection is Dr. Stone, who translated her Chinese name, Shih, into English for convenience when studying in the University of Michigan, thus reversing a practice not infrequently followed by Europeans when they assume Chinese names. Since 1901 she has been in charge of a hospital built by an American in her native town of Kiukiang, where the usefulness of her labors in relieving suffering and training women as nurses and efficient mothers has become celebrated throughout Asia. Her friend and fellow-student, Dr. Ida Kahn, owes her chance in life directly to the charity of a missionary. As the sixth daughter of parents who were only desirous of having a son, her fate was committed, immediately after her birth, to a blind fortune-teller, who declared that she must either be killed or given away if a son was ever to be expected. "The parents were not willing to end the little life, so they determined to engage the baby to a little boy in a neighboring family and give her to the family of her betrothed to bring up. But when they called the fortune-teller again to ask his judgment on the proposed betrothal, he declared that the little girl had been born under the dog star, the boy under the cat star, and therefore the betrothal was not to be thought of." Happily, the missionary was ready to adopt her, and after a thorough academic and technical training in America, she has a position and influence, as physician in charge of a hospital in Nanchang, second to no woman now living in China. The early experiences of these women emphasize the obstacles to female activity in China under former conditions, the crushing and pervading nature of which can be only dimly realized by Western readers. Among the most serious of these was the necessity of having a girl's feet bound if she was to move in respectable society. On account of their violation of this custom, the heroines of this little volume had to undergo in their early youth a social ostracism that required a fortitude rare in children of any country. One of them was stopped in the street by a girl of her acquaintance and ordered to kneel in the dirt to the young aristocrat's bound feet—a form of hazing which opens suggestive vistas to students in lands that have acquired a considerable proficiency of their own in the arts of petty tyranny.

As emblem of the new Napoleonic Empire various symbols were suggested—the historic Gallic cock, the traditional fleur-de-lis, the busy bee, which could sting as well as make honey, the mighty elephant with the motto *Mole et mente*, or a lion lying over the map of France with one paw ready to reach out across the Rhine. All these Napoleon decisively rejected and selected instead the figure of an eagle with extended wings about to take flight. Such eagles, made of brass about eight inches high, mounted on stout oaken staves, and surmounting new regimental silken flags, formed the new military standards which were to be the rallying point of the French from Ulm and Austerlitz to Leipzig and Waterloo. On December 5, 1804, three days after the coronation, in an impressive ceremony in the Champ de Mars, Napoleon presented more than a thousand of these new eagles to the representatives of the different regiments and ships-of-the-line, exclaiming with his usual dramatic effectiveness, "Soldiers! Behold your standards! These Eagles to you shall ever be your rallying point. Wherever your Emperor shall deem it needful for the defence of his throne and his people, there shall they be seen!" Mr. Edward Fraser, in "The War Drama of the Eagles" (Dutton), has waded through the Napoleonic literature with an eye for the picturesque, the dramatic, and the heroic, and woven together a very readable narrative of the occasions on which deeds of bravery were done for the defence or capture of these emblematic eagles.

Mr. H. E. Goldin's translation of "The Mishnah, Baba Meziah (Middle Gate), Treatise II" (Putnam) should make appeal to two classes; in the first place to members of the legal profession, interested in comparing so ancient a code as this of Israel's with modern legal codes, and in the second place to clergymen of every denomination, who will find ample corroboration of a popular theory that the ancient civil codes were as wide and sound as is much hastily devised procedure of to-day. There are, moreover, chapters of no little interest to the mere layman. Under "Articles Lost and Found," for instance, we discover a host of wise and useful laws, which equal, if indeed they do not surpass, modern procedure. The chapter on Usury is also of considerable interest to the layman, showing how strong was the law against usury, and this despite the oft-repeated charge against the Jew of favoring this practice. The difference between direct and indirect usury is of profound interest. The translator's supplementary comments are often valuable, for instance, his lucid explanation of the attitude of Jewish jurists towards the law of the Pentateuch which makes it legal for the Jew to lend to the Gentile, and not to the Jew. The appendix, giving an explanation of Jewish terms and some biographical details of the Jewish rabbis and jurists mentioned in the volume, is interesting and valuable, and there is also a good index.

"Siberia," by M. P. Price (London: Methuen), consists partly of a traveller's impressions of life in south central Siberia, in Krasnoyársk, Minusinsk, and the vicinity, partly of a brief historic and economic account of Siberia, with an added chapter on the neighboring region of Mongolia. Without being noteworthy either as a work of art or as a scientific authority, the volume is always sensible and informing, and nearly always entertaining. In 300 brief pages Mr. Price gives a distinct impression of Siberia as a dwelling-place for normal, moderately happy humanity, a region destined to greater and greater economic importance as it is developed by the present colonizing policy of the Russian Government. His chapter on Mongolia is particularly useful at the present moment. Perhaps it is captious to quarrel with small errors in so modest a book; but a writer who speaks of using Russian sources and of conversing with Russian peasants ought not to print such abortions as "mirobny sud" (p. 123) for *mirovóy sudyá* (justice of the peace), and, still worse, "Pravo-Slavonic" (pp. 107, 108) as the name of the Russian Church and the language of its ritual. This last is a queer contamination of *Slavonic* with *pravoslávny* (orthodox).

"Social Forces in Modern Literature" (Ginn), by Prof. P. M. Buck, jr., is a fair example of a kind of book of which excellent examples are sorely needed. The au-

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thor attempts, with undue brevity, to trace the development of fundamental modern ideas from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the day when romanticism burst into luxuriant bloom. Montesquieu, Rousseau, Lessing, Wordsworth, Goethe, and Shelley are centres of study. The bibliography at the close of the volume is full enough for most purposes, and shows discrimination, though Hettner's history of eighteenth century literature should certainly have a place in a list of twenty-five books of value in a study of Rousseau. "Rawnsby" (p. 248) is a misprint for Rawnsley.

"Le Tour de la France par Deux Enfants," by G. Bruno (Mme. A. Fouillée), is good reading for beginners in French. An illustrated edition of the work, with notes, exercises, and vocabulary by V. E. François, has just been published by Holt.

The same house has also brought out Molière's "Les Précieuses Ridicules" and "Les Femmes Savantes," in one volume, carefully annotated by J. R. Effinger.

Science

The Growth of Groups in the Animal Kingdom. By R. E. Lloyd. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75 net.

To the earlier naturalists species of animals and plants, being the finite expression of divine ideas, were regarded as fixed and immutable. Possibly it is due to the inheritance of this view, much attenuated in transmission, to be sure, that the modern conception of species based upon plant and animal experimentation, has made such slow headway. Systematists regard all species as of equal value in classification, whether millions or few representatives are known. Furthermore, the conception of a species is largely an individual matter involving endless disputes and needless wrangling. Lloyd substitutes the word group for the much-abused term species in this book and means by it any aggregate of animals having common characteristics and differing in any degree from other aggregates. The groups may comprise only one individual or many millions of individuals, evolution being "the arrival of novelties into the world; each extinct species of animal or plant was in its early days a novelty." The view that he advocates is the growth of these smaller groups into larger, and the constant fluctuation in numbers of the individuals comprising them. The forms that were common yesterday become rare to-day and may disappear to-morrow, and conversely forms which did not exist yesterday and are rare forms to-day may become common forms to-morrow. The problem of species as thus conceived focusses upon the nature of those forms which did not exist yesterday and are rare to-day—upon their mode of origin and the factors instrumental in their further increase.

All of these matters are clearly brought out in Mr. Lloyd's excellent work. The force of his arguments is much enhanced by an unaffected and delightful naïveté of style, and the volume itself is a model of fine bookmaking. The arguments are all in favor of the origin of species through mutations and the admitted object of the book is to protest against the widespread belief in natural selection as a creative agency. His conclusions are drawn from observations made upon many thousands of rats that were killed in India in connection with the attempt to exterminate all rodents that might be carriers of the plague. In different regions, and always in some localized portion of the region, small groups were occasionally found with characteristic and well-marked differences from the normal rat type of the region. A number of such variants are described, and the author shows by deduction that each type must have arisen from some one ancestor which appeared first as a sport. From these he draws the conclusion that such small centres of original variations are the starting points of new species in nature. These small groups, fostered by the conditions of natural selection, are the forerunners of large groups in the future. The book is a plea, therefore, for the mutation theory of De Vries, and its original contribution is the description of small numbers of variants in an enormous population, the opportunity being rare for this kind of work on animals in nature. The conclusions are directly opposed to those of Tower, who, working experimentally on the potato beetle, was able to raise under artificial conditions an enormous group of one variety which exists in nature only as a comparatively rare sport. Tower's contrary conclusion, to the effect that such mutants or sports are crushed out in nature in the struggle for existence, and that actual species originate by natural selection, is clearly and logically handled by Lloyd in his seventh chapter, and he finds in Tower's experiments the very fulfilment of his own hypothesis concerning the mutant rats—rare to-day, common forms to-morrow.

A chapter is devoted to the rather novel bearing of the mutation theory in practical matters of disease. Its value in the breeding of plants and animals has been pointed out repeatedly, but not its value in pathology. He shows that if there is an evolution of animals there must be also an evolution of animal diseases, and that new ones are constantly cropping up as mutants to be crushed out of existence or sustained in the struggle for existence. Thus a pernicious habit among common harmless organisms may arise as a mutation, as when the common green bottle-fly acquires the habit of depositing eggs in the nasal cavity or ears of sleeping or intoxicated men, thus giving rise to the disease known as myiasis. Such a habit has arisen in a limited group of flies as a mutation and, were it general in the species, would make a menace of the ordinarily harmless green bottle-fly.

The concluding paragraph of the book is in keeping with the general protest against the selection theory, pointing out the danger from a belief in natural selection, "in what may be called the right of the spirit of competition which is daily invoked in order to smother those altruistic feelings that are an important part of the human mind."

Three science books are included in the announcements of the Harvard University Press: "Hyperbolic Functions of Complex Variables," by Arthur Edwin Kennelly; "The Scientific Work of Morris Loeb," edited by Theodore Richards, and "Architectural Acoustics," by Wallace Clement Sabine.

"The Principles of Science" (Holt), by William Forbes Cooley, is designed to be used as an introduction to philosophy. In many respects the book is satisfactory. On the one side the author shows that he has studied the metaphysicians: the authority of Plato, Descartes, Kant, and the other great masters, is freely and intimately given. But his knowledge of science is unfortunately shallow; how can he hope to treat adequately the modern scientific postulates of matter, energy, electricity, or relativity, when from his references we must judge that he obtained his knowledge from elementary textbooks and popular expositions of physics? The philosophy of science cannot be mastered until its teachers have studied and worked in science as well as in philosophy. Until that is true, their criticisms of science are not balanced. To any one who has a real knowledge of science, it is irritating to see Plato and Kant matched with quotations from Ganot's or Watson's elementary textbooks of physics. A single illustration, although many could be given, will suffice; the author in discussing Lord Kelvin's principle of the dissipation of energy says: "It will all be diffused to a common level or pitch, and nothing whatever will go on. The universe will be a uniformly warm (or cool) mass, henceforth, forever motionless and inert." Now if he had only cursorily studied Lord Kelvin's works or even the scientific definition of heat, that it is a mode of motion, he would have known that things will still go on in a uniformly warm universe and that it will not be motionless and inert whether energy is available or not. It is a bit presumptuous to discuss the principles of science when even the simple and fundamental facts are not correct.

Albert E. Wilkinson, investigator in horticulture at the New York State College of Agriculture, has contributed "Modern Strawberry Growing" to the Garden Library of Doubleday, Page & Company. As there is virtually no time in the year when something cannot be attended to or experimented with in the matter of strawberry culture, either natural or forced, so there

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is no season in which the amateur or professional grower will not find something to help or interest him in Mr. Wilkinson's book. If he starts to read too late for the setting out of spring plants or too early for the autumn planting, he will turn naturally to the mid-season activities of potting runners and so on, and find just what is needed for the successful treatment of the strawberry bed. There is an excellent section on pollination in the chapter on breeding and propagation, careful reading of which would enable any novice, intelligent enough to raise strawberries at all, to do good work in selective propagation. It does not assume, as most books do, that every reader enjoying the thrills of his first summer in a garden knows all about the mystery of sex in plants. Then there is an alluring chapter on Alpine strawberries which, no doubt, will lead more than one enthusiast far from the humdrum of the commonplace varieties of fruit to the fascinating but doubtful venture with the smaller more fragrant berry that is not a thing of a week or two, but produces from June till frost. Incidentally Mr. Wilkinson has told his story of the strawberry with a freshness that is remarkable when one considers that everybody from Hesiod down to the latest writer for a garden magazine has had to say about the same things on fruits and vegetables, for the reason that the principles of growing them are the same to-day as in the beginning of agriculture.

William McMurtrie, who died in New York on Saturday at the age of sixty-three, was from 1882 to 1888 professor of chemistry at the University of Illinois and later served as consulting chemist for large business firms in New York. He was a chevalier du Mérite Agricole, France, and a member of several other learned societies. He was also the author of the following works: "Culture of the Beet and Manufacture of Sugar Therefrom," "The Culture of Sumac," "Grape Culture in the United States," and "Wools and Other Animal Fibres."

Prof. William Hallock, of Columbia University, died on Tuesday of last week at the Homœopathic Hospital in Providence, R. I. He was born in Milton, N. Y., in 1857, and graduated from Columbia in 1879; two years later he received the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Würzburg, where the following year he was assistant in the physical laboratory. For the next nine years he was attached to the United States Geological Survey. In 1891-2 he was the assistant in charge of the astro-physical observatory at the Smithsonian Institution. While connected with the Geological Survey, he conducted the investigation of subterranean temperatures in the famous dry well at Wheeling—the second in depth in the world—where the drill went down to 4,500 feet below the surface of the earth. His experiments were described in a paper read last year before the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He was also for three years at work in the Yellowstone Cañon, investigating the phenomena of hot springs and geysers, and comparing results with those obtained by Professor Bunsen in Iceland. In collaboration with Prof. Carl Barns, of the Geological Survey, he worked for some time at New Haven, studying methods of measurement of high temperatures. Among the other topics to which he gave his attention were the effects of pressure on powdered materials and the thermal expansion of rocks. He returned to Columbia in 1892 as an associate professor in physics, and in 1902 was made professor. Four years later he was elected dean of the faculty of pure science, and held that office until all the graduate faculties at Columbia were merged, in 1909.

Drama and Music

New Irish Comedies. By Lady Gregory. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Of the five plays in this volume, only two have any real dramatic quality; but all have positive value, though not in equal degree, as intimate studies of Irish life and character. In dialogue they are frequently, sometimes extraordinarily, felicitous, racy in expression, rich in quaint and characteristic metaphor, and strokes of spontaneous humor and simple pathos. Occasionally they exhibit flashes of imaginative eloquence and passion. But, on the other hand, they are often sorely in need of revision and compression in long passages where the author, with a fatal fluency, weakens a serviceable motive, whether comic or serious, by merciless reiteration. As this fault is chiefly observable in her more farcical interludes, there is a presumption that it is due to haste rather than to lack of ingenuity or invention. In her best moments she can be vigorous, concise, and dramatic, but, throughout her writings, a tendency to diffusiveness and over-elaboration is strongly marked. On the printed page, where the flavor of the speech exerts a peculiar appeal, this is a matter of comparatively minor importance; but on the stage, where action is all important, the effect is mischievous and frequently disastrous.

There is much capital reading in "The Bogie Man," "The Full Moon," and "Coats," but these pieces are the merest sketches, devoid alike of dramatic substance and reasonability. At the bottom of each of them is an essentially comic idea which might easily have been more skilfully handled. The personages are alive, and the talk humorous and quaintly characteristic, but perpetually revolving about the same point, which soon becomes blunted by repetition. "The Full Moon," based upon the old belief that "naturals" are sensitive to lunar changes, has more substance than the others, and is the most pretentious of the three. The panic created among a group of superstitious peasantry by the supposition that one of them may have been bitten by an imaginary mad dog and infected the rest, is described with humorous vivacity, but the whole thing is hopelessly extravagant. The one redeeming merit lies in its perfect Irishry. But "Damer's Gold" is a genuine if somewhat attenuated little drama, with the truth of nature in it. The central figure is a "sport," who, disheartened by his persistent ill luck in all sorts of gaming, has turned miser and amassed a golden treasure, which excites the cupidity of his relatives. He is a thoroughly human and Hibernian study.

But it is in the brief episode of "McDonough's Wife" that Lady Gregory exhibits her best dramatic and imaginative powers. It is a blend of sordid domestic tragedy and legendary fantasy. McDonough, a wizard of the pipes, who has been roaming the country round in joyous revelry, returns to find his young wife dead in his deserted hovel and awaiting a workhouse burial. He vows that she shall be carried to the grave with every honorable rite and fullest public observance. Sounding eloquent dirges upon his charmed instrument, he brings the whole countryside to the humble bier, and the people, under the spell of his music, vie with one another in their eagerness to do service to the corpse. With an actor capable of giving due emotional expression to the remorseful anguish and fiery wrath of McDonough, this sketch could not fail—it has never been acted—to create a profound effect in the theatre. Though written in prose, it is essentially poetic in its ideas, and is especially notable for the picturesque vigor, conciseness, and mingled realism and fancy of its literary form. The contrast between the direct homely speech of the old workhouse women and the no less direct but more pictorial utterances of McDonough, is particularly striking. It seems to be a pity that Lady Gregory should have devoted so much time to the development of her comic vein, which, though productive, is seldom precious, instead of the tragic, in which her "McDonough's Wife" suggests infinite possibilities. But even in her comedies her complete mastery of all the external national characteristics has been of incalculable value to the Irish Theatre.

The Ambassadors' Theatre is the name chosen for London's newest house of dramatic entertainment. The manager is Durrant Swan, who will open it with a new play by Monckton Hoffe, called "Panthea." The part of the heroine, a Russian who has suffered imprisonment on political grounds, has been assigned to Miss Lillemore Halvorsen, a Norwegian actress. The story is in four acts, the first of which takes place on the coast of Northumberland, the remaining three in a Continental city.

"We hope," says the London *Times*, in reviewing Martin Harvey's revival of "The Taming of the Shrew," in London, "that some careful chronicler is at work making notes of one of the most interesting things in the theatrical history of our time—the

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return to common use of Elizabethan method of staging Shakespeare. For it seems pretty certain now that this is no piece of archæological affectation, but a movement that will spread, because it answers to a public demand." The whole play, Introduction and all, was over in two hours and a half.

Some time ago it was announced that the council of the London Academy of Dramatic Art had acquired a site adjoining their present premises for the erection of a theatre for the students. Architect's plans have been prepared, and the council will begin building as soon as the plans have been passed. A special committee, consisting of Sir Hubert von Herkomer, Sir Arthur Pinero, Sir George Alexander, Bernard Shaw, E. S. Willard, Dion Boucicault, and Granville Barker, has been formed to consider the details of the building. The natural presumption is that the theatre, when it has been finished, will be admirably adapted to its purposes. Whether it will ever add materially to the number of properly trained actors, of which the stage, on both sides of the Atlantic, is so badly in need, is another question. Possibly it may fulfil the most sanguine expectations of its promoters and directors, and rival the ancient authority of the Paris Conservatoire, but common experience tends to show that even the most richly equipped of dramatic academies fail to attract the best student material. Young men or women possessing special qualifications for the stage have little difficulty in finding an engagement which will enable them to acquire a certain amount of experience and make a little money at the same time. Too often it is the less-favored candidate only who is willing to give both time and money for instruction. If the capable tyro has the good luck to obtain entrance to a genuine stock company—not, of course, one of the commercial affairs which give two performances every day, and work every morning at rehearsals, but such an organization as that headed by Miss Horniman or F. R. Benson—he will encounter tests which will speedily discover his best faculties and give ample opportunity for improving them. Well do the speculative managers know—as Miss Horniman is learning to her cost—where to find recruits capable of doing good work. Mr. Benson, who for years has been stripped systematically of his chief performers, must have supplied half the principal theatres of England with their leading men and women. All managers realize, very thoroughly, that work in a repertory company provides the best dramatic schooling in the world. Until very recently companies of this description—once so common—have been few and far between in England, while in America they have been virtually extinct; but now they seem to be multiplying again, and their reappearance is a most encouraging phenomenon.

Dutton promises in the autumn, "Wagner, as Man and Artist," by Ernest Newman.

How Wagner astonished an audience in Berlin is related by Otto Lessmann in a German magazine. It was in 1871. He had lectured at the Royal Academy on the opera, and in his honor the "Verein der Berliner Musiker" arranged a performance of his "Faust Overture," under the direction of Prof. Julius Sturm. When it was over Wagner seemed to hesitate for a moment as to what he should do. Then he got up, thanked the musicians, and remarked that, as he had not been connected with an orchestra for twenty years, he felt impelled to show his gratitude further by an artistic deed. "You will understand my request," he added, "that you will repeat the 'Faust Overture' under my personal direction." What then happened made an indelible impression on all who were so fortunate as to be present. The spiritual revelation he made of the various moods of that tone poem stirred the hearers as they had never before been stirred. The difference between a genius and a mere professional conductor was made manifest. The musicians themselves were stunned by what they had done. "We looked at him, and we knew and did what he wanted," they remarked.

It is not often that two pianists play together in concert halls, although the public would doubtless enjoy an occasional duo. Many years ago Carl Czerny arranged Rossini's "Semiramide" overture for thirty-two hands. In San Francisco, a few weeks ago, this piece was played by sixteen pianists, and the audience of two thousand, we read, gave "unstinted applause."

Emma Calvé is said to have decided to devote the rest of her life to teaching, but she "will accept only young ladies of great promise." That will not prevent any one from applying.

Jacques Thibaud, one of the best violinists of the French school, is coming back to America next season. He will give three concerts with the Philharmonic, and will be heard with the other leading orchestras. He was born in Bordeaux, where his father taught him until the age of thirteen, when the boy was sent to the Paris Conservatoire. In 1886 he won a first prize. To supplement his modest means he played several years at the Café Rouge, where he chanced to be heard by Edouard Colonne, who at once offered him an engagement. Soon after, the leader being unable to play the incidental solo in an orchestral work, young Thibaud was entrusted with the task, and so well did he acquit himself that he was engaged as a regular soloist at the Colonne concerts, appearing fifty-four times in a single season. His fame in Paris established, he visited England and America, and then returned for further Continental triumphs, which have brought him both fortune and a unique standing among the masters of his instrument.

The well-known pianist, Bachaus, who will return to America for another tour next season, was born in Leipzig in 1884. He studied nine years with Reckendorf and one year with d'Albert, and at the age of sixteen made his first public appearance with the Gewandhaus Orchestra, Arthur Nikisch conducting. From that day Bachaus has advanced without interruption to the goal he has attained.

Harold Bauer also returns to this country next season. His manager expects him to surpass his last record here, when he played seventy times. Already he has been booked by seven of our orchestras.

Art

THE SALONS.

PARIS, May 17.

Nothing is more striking in the two Salons this year than the absence of a number of the men upon whom they usually rely for their chief distinction or notoriety. At the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts the list is long—Zuloaga and Anglada, those two Spaniards who were always sure to inspire any and every emotion rather than indifference; Sargent, Caro-Delvaille; Morrice, Blanche, Charles Guérin, Louis Legrand, Maurice Denis, Hochard, whose death is just announced as I write; Zorn; Veber, who was invariably amusing whatever else he might not be and whose place can hardly be taken by Augustin Hanicotte, another modern striving to out-Breughel Breughel. At the Salon des Artistes Français the absent could be more numerous and there would be no very serious cause for regret. The most notable among them is Sorolla, who, though not the supreme master New York, in a moment of enthusiasm, discovered him to be, puts so much sunlight and vigor into his painting that it could not fail to tell on the dull, colorless walls of the older of the two exhibitions.

If the result of so many of the better-known men staying away was to bring forward any genuine new talent or reveal any promising new movement among the younger men, their absence would be more than welcome. The Salons nowadays seem to have a deadening influence upon regular exhibitions, almost equal to that of the Royal Academy, gradually reducing a mode of expression that was original at the outset into a hard-and-fast formula. Painters like Pointelin in the Old Salon or Lhermitte in the New keep turning out the same picture year by year until they might exhibit actually the same canvas again and again, and I, anyway, would not be the wiser. But, apparently, the younger men are not prepared to take advantage of the unexpected opportunity; they contribute little or nothing to make up for the loss, even though, in the Nationale, they are treated with a consideration never accorded them before.

The principal central gallery, heretofore reserved almost entirely for the older members of the Society, has been handed over to them, but no revelation of unknown genius, no menace of revolution, has followed as a matter of course. The place of honor is filled by Louis Charlot, who has a large group of peasants at table that shows close study of Cézanne, but none of the deliberate eccentricity of Cézanne's more strenuous disciples—a conscientious piece of work,

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but drab and dreary in color, undistinguished in design, neither interesting as realism nor effective as decoration. And yet there is nothing more accomplished in the room, though it is overshadowed by Suréda's two huge canvases, in one of which a snake-charmer, in the other Jews mourning the dead in a cemetery, have served him as motive for a brilliant scheme of color carried out in large simple masses, with the different planes broadly indicated, a method that commands more immediate attention in a big exhibition than the subtler harmonies of a far more accomplished painter. But Charlot and Suréda are scarcely an improvement on Besnard, or La Gandara, or Zuloaga, or the others, whom they have succeeded for an interval, and this time, certainly, the game is not with the young.

The truth is, the younger men have seldom had so little that is new and, at the same time, worth while to say, though seldom has so much been made of their determination to say something and thrust novelty upon it. You have only to go to the Salon des Indépendants, on the Quai d'Orsay, to realize this. Here you have between three and four thousand works by the artists who, presumably, knock in vain at the doors of the two official Salons and who proclaim their independence in the name they give themselves. And what do you find? Three-fourths of the show made up of rank incompetence, banality, sentimental anecdote that even the Royal Academy in London would reject; a sprinkling of exaggerations or caricatures that would be more appropriate to the Salon des Humoristes; and the rest, a collection of the experiments and absurdities and trivialities of the different schools that are supposed to be the most advanced and that have recently been represented for the first time in America, where their work has excited so much talk that I know better than anybody the uselessness of my adding to it now. Of them all, the Cubists are most to the fore, and, without questioning their seriousness, without refusing absolutely to believe that a new development in art may eventually come out of their groping after they possibly do not know what, the fact remains that at the present stage of their research art is reduced to a geometrical problem. Even one of the initiated may not always be able to guess, unaided, what other Cubists seek to express by their cubes, and, this being the case, the rest of the world may possess its soul in patience until Cubism has progressed from experiment to actual accomplishment. In the meanwhile, my visit to the Indépendants has convinced me that, however mediocre the Salons of the Champs-Elysées may be, their mediocrity need not be attributed to contempt for, or neglect of, the most modern schools and movements. The Salon des Indépendants is by far the least interesting or stimulating exhibition I have been to this spring in Paris.

Two or three of the older men at the Nationale have apparently made an effort to break away from the conventions in which they had imprisoned themselves. It comes as a surprise to find, in the place of the super-elegant women yearly supplied by La Gandara, a large Don Quixote on a canvas of heroic proportions, the costumes correct according to Cervantes, the knight's visions hovering above him. The intention is evident to emphasize the ideal side of his character, just as La Gandara, in his portraits, strives to emphasize the real cut and textures of the last creations from the Rue de la Paix. But, as one looks, one remembers certain small canvases by Daumier, as much more modest in conception as in size, but with a tragic intensity in the figure of Don Quixote, a grim beauty in the landscape, and a fine quality in the painting that La Gandara does not approach. Le Sidaner, likewise out for adventure, leaves the familiar scenes of the earth where he has been wont to wander, and, in a series of six canvases, gives his impression of the heavens above him, of sunshine and clouds, at different hours and seasons. In each there is a low sky line, and then a vast expanse of sky, now cool and pure in the early light of a spring morning, now warm and golden in the splendor of the sunset, or again, with the storm clouds sweeping across in sombre fury, or drenched with moonlight. The sunset and the spring morning are particularly successful, full of light and atmosphere, but these, like the others, are, after all, only studies, memoranda of passing effects and momentary impressions, scarcely justifying the scale upon which they have been made.

Carolus-Duran's Crucifixion is almost as unexpected as La Gandara's Don Quixote, though he has more than once strayed from the beaten tracks of portraiture, and it is as melodramatic. It is curious to see how the habit of over-emphasis, which he has developed in painting the jewels and silks of his sitters, must still cling to him in his interpretation of so different a theme: a storm-laden sky may be used as a symbol of tragedy, but he has worked up his storm to such theatrical intensity that the tragedy itself is blotted out, just as often his sitters disappear in the magnificence of their costume and accessories.

But, on the whole, the most interesting work comes from men who are content to give only new variations of old themes and according to old recipes. In neither Salon is there a portrait of greater distinction than one of a lady by Boldini, at the Nationale. In it his mannerisms are modified, but they are still there. The idealized fashion-plate still seems to be his aim; there is still the effect of violent movement suddenly arrested in the inexplicable swirl of the draperies about the lady's feet and the tortured lines of the trees between which she walks, for Boldini has invented a new background and shows her coming through a wood, and has thus given himself the motive for a pleasant harmony. As the gray-black of her dress repeats the gray-black of the trees, so here and there, at her waist, on her skirt, a touch of vivid green re-echoes the young green of the grass in the little wood. The result is a freshness rare in his portraits, whose color and atmosphere are more apt to savor of the boudoir and the drawing-room. The figure has life and spring, the face vivacity and charm, the feeling of youth fills the canvas. Boldini's other portrait is of a man who, it is clear, appealed to him much less and whose modish elegance, as Boldini has seen it, borders on the effeminate; nevertheless, few of the other portraits can be ranked with it. Besnard's, of M. Dubar, director of *L'Echo du Nord*, his only painting this year, is most disappointing, and, for him, a commonplace piece of work that might be easily overlooked were it not by an artist one never willingly overlooks.

Renouard makes his portrait of M. Bryois, Consul de France, almost a caricature, seeming to insist in it, though perhaps unintentionally, on the contrast between the face, which suggests the good, simple *bourgeois* of comedy, and the official gold lace of the coat with the array of decorations. But Renouard, as a painter, loses a good deal of the vivacity that distinguishes him as a draughtsman. The picture is heavy, academic in treatment, very different from his series of rapid sketches in the Courts of Justice that are shown with the drawings downstairs. Simon is not more inspiring in his portrait group, this time of a Famille en Deuil, as he calls it: a mother and four children, Bretons, gathered together in an interior as dull as their faces and their dress. Keen as is his eye for character, Simon has an unfortunate tendency to pose his sitters as if for the camera; when they are not interesting in themselves—and they are not in this new group—he is at no pains to lend them the interest of originality in his arrangement. We have long since learned the fallacy of naturalism in art. It is the very fidelity to nature of an able painter like Simon that enables us to understand why the Cubists declare the only possible error in art to be imitation. At the opposite extreme is the portrait group by Aman-Jean. No camera could record the exhaustion, the inanition that has overtaken the mother and daughter and

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son—for such I take to be their relations—and the two dogs who are posed in a landscape as dim in form and color as themselves. They are outdone in weariness only by the figures in the two tall, narrow panels the same artist has painted for the Chilian House of Parliament, in one of which Law slumbers over her task, while in the other Force is far too languid to resist Temptation or to fall a victim. Aman-Jean and his sitters and models long since sailed away from this material world for the land where it is always afternoon. Of the other portraits, none calls for special mention. Cecilia Beaux has three, but they will not repeat the triumph of her painting of a child and nurse, so amusing in its ingenious composition and harmony of white, shown at the same Salon in its earliest years.

Gaston Latouche has not been more eager than these portrait painters to wander after fresh inspiration; he has made no effort to open the window and let into his studio the real light of day, or night, to illuminate his idyls. His scheme of illumination is again frankly artificial, but rarely has he used it to such admirable purpose as in the vine-covered arbor, where a slim, winged Love dissects a Satyr for the entertainment of a group of ladies met together for "the five o'clock." The subject is as sham-idyllic as in many a panel or vignette of the eighteenth century, but then it has much of the same grace and charm. Fragonard never painted a daintier figure than Latouche's Love, bathed in the golden light filtering through the foliage-covered lattice of the arbor, and few modern painters could rival the delicacy with which the detail of porcelain and silver is rendered. The painting gives to the exhibition the note of gayety it so sadly needs. Myron Barlow, as unadventurous, has not stirred from the restful gray rooms where his quiet women work and move in the simple round of domestic duties; but this year, in one or two, he has introduced a stronger note of color that sings out in the peaceful grayness—the vivid blue of a teapot and cups and saucers on a table, the scarlet of a woman's shawl repeated in a scarlet box close by. Cottet returns to his old haunts in Brittany, to find there a sonorous effect of light in the Port of Douardenez and a rhythmical pattern for a frieze in the costumes of peasants as they follow the procession at Plomodierne. Frieseke once more sees, and makes you see with him, the dainty beauty and decorative possibilities of a beautiful woman at her toilet, a theme Richard Miller, in the other Salon, treats with equal elaboration, but with greater strength of color and with such minuteness of observation and breadth of treatment in a little figure on the table near his model, that of this alone he might have made a picture few painters of still-life could surpass.

Alexander Harrison gleans no new secrets from the sea he has painted again and again during many years, nor has Willette much more that is vital, though it may reflect a later mode, to tell us of that side of Paris life to which he has returned again and again for subject and models. The same woman, eternally young, poses in front of the same sea on Louis Picard's canvas, and Melchers's mother and child seem to come from a land we already know. But if many artists in the Nationale repeat their method or their subject until it becomes difficult to write anything of their work one has not written before, at least their repetitions do not offend the eye, like those huge machines that, in the Artistes Français, Gervais and Rochegrosse and other painters less capable manufacture year after year with unabated enthusiasm and unimpaired ability, even though the fashion for that sort of Salon picture has had its day.

There is not much else to note of the painting at the Société Nationale when I have said that, probably for the last time, some of Boutet de Monvel's conventional panels may be seen, a trifle discountenanced by their alien surroundings; that there is a monumental dignity in Flandrin's young cavaliers grouped on a large canvas, though they are not much more than roughly blocked in; that it is interesting to find a younger Cazin and a younger Roll endeavoring to carry on, however imperfectly as yet, the family tradition; that the trail of Gauguin may be traced in the work of at least one exhibitor, Charles Dufresne; and that Cameron Burnside, Grace Ravlin, Koopman, Rolshoven, are among the Americans whose work stands out above the average. At the Société des Artistes Français, I recall no other paintings that struck me one way or the other, save the bold and brilliant Algerian subjects of Léon Cauvy, and the strong but somewhat coarse Lune de Miel by Carlos Vasquez, that, in the arrangement of the two peasants, seems almost a modern parody of the beautiful little Van Eyck in the London National Gallery.

When it comes to the section of prints, again one is struck with the number of men who do not show. It may be that artists begin to realize the hopelessness of exhibiting small prints, as well as small black-and-white drawings, in such a bewildering caravanserai. Or it may be that, for all we hear of the "boom" in etching, the true etcher is still, as he ever has been, in the minority. At the Société Nationale, Louis Legrand is sorely missed. But it would be useless to go through the list of the absent. Nor does the presence of Lepère Béjot, Beurdeley, and Webster help one to forget them. As for the color etching, it seems to be there for no other purpose than to reveal itself in all its iniquity, varying from the small elaborate plates used as illustrations and printed on the page with type as they never should be, to the large elaborate plates reproducing the artist's paintings, which is as little their mission. Lithographs make no braver showing, and this is the more extraordinary when one recalls all the good work being done by the Senefelder Club. I noted some amusing lithographs printed in color by James R. Hopkins, rather too frankly inspired by Japanese models, but the color used with due respect for the limitations of the medium; these few examples, however, were about all that interested me. The drawings in black-and-white or in color are not remarkable. To judge from the Salons, illustration might exist no longer. In the hodge-podge of water-colors and pastels, hung more or less abominably in both Salons, the work of Luigini, of Antoni, of a minority of others, may now and then catch the eye, the growing influence of the Japanese may seem more marked than ever. But when I have said this, I have said all that need be said. That an occasional masterpiece may be lurking somewhere unseen in the confusion is more than likely, but I doubt if there are eyes penetrating enough to detect it.

The sculpture never fails to impress by its efficiency, in one Salon as in the other. There is no lack of competent sculptors in France, and it is therefore the more difficult to understand why there should be so few fine modern pieces of sculpture. The French cannot be found fault with for refusing monuments to their great men, their heroes, but how often does the monument add beauty or distinction to the French town in which it is erected? Rodin has yet to find his rival in the Salons, but it is long since he has shown anything of monumental importance, though it is not now for lack of opportunity or commissions. He sends this year, as frequently before, only partly finished work. What one would like to have today is the completion of some of the works, the studies for which Rodin has allowed the public the privilege of seeing from time to time during the last ten years and more. N. N.

George W. Bricka, of New York, announces for publication on June 2, "Posters: a Critical Study of the Development of Poster Design in Continental Europe, England, and America," by Charles Matlack Price. The volume, containing 42 reproductions in color and 120 in monotone, is published in *de luxe* form. The text includes a discussion of the history and development of poster art from its inception to the present time. The edition is limited to 250 numbered copies.

Among the art books announced by Dut-

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ton are: "Greek and Roman Sculpture," by A. Furtwängler and H. L. Ulrichs, translated by Horace Taylor, and "The Masters of Past Time," by Eugène Fromentin, translated by Andrew Boyle.

Mr. Albert Hale has compiled a handsome volume of photographs of "Old Newburyport Houses" (Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.), which we can recommend to any who are interested in early New England architecture. In many cases details and interior views are given as well as the general exterior.

A. E. Gallatin's "Whistler's Pastels and Other Modern Profiles" (John Lane) has reached a second edition, and to grace the event the author presents a couple of inedited Whistler sketches, besides an additional handful of brief essays, of which those on Frieseke and Max Beerbohm may be particularized.

Finance

THE DEADLOCKED MARKET FOR NEW SECURITIES.

Two events of the past week, which had been expected to give an illuminating test to the mysterious investment market for new securities, were the almost simultaneous offerings of the $45,000,000 of New York city 4½ per cents in this market, and of $125,000,000 Chinese Government 5 per cents in Europe. The response of the public to those offerings had been awaited with great interest, because of its failure to respond in its customary form to a number of preceding offers of new high-grade securities.

The offer in New York, on April 14, of $30,000,000 4½ per cents of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, at 99½, evoked subscriptions of only $24,000,000, and the bonds sold at 99¼ on the Stock Exchange shortly afterward. Other expected bond issues, such as the $21,000,000 new Interborough Rapid Transit 5 per cents, were thereupon held back from market. In London, during the past few weeks, more than a dozen new security issues, most of them of high character, had failed to be covered by public subscriptions and had been left largely on the hands of the underwriters.

The offering, two weeks ago, of $55,000,000 5 per cent. Brazilian Government bonds at 97, elicited bids of only $3,300,000 from the English investing community, and the underwriters, among whom were the Rothschilds, were compelled to retain the remaining $51,700,000. Shortly before, an offering of $12,500,000 Madras & Mahratta Railroad 4 per cent. bonds at 99, guaranteed by the Indian Government, was covered to the extent of only 10 per cent. More recently, only $500,000 Montreal 4½ per cent. municipal bonds out of $2,000,000, offered at par in London, were taken.

A recent compilation showed the following results to the London offering of other high-grade securities: $10,000,000 Grand Trunk Pacific 4s, offered at 87, only $2,000,000 taken; $15,000,000 New South Wales 4s, offered at 98, only $2,400,000 taken; $5,340,000 City of Edmonton (Canada) 5s, offered at 100½, only $1,068,000 taken; $5,000,000 State of Bahia (Brazil) 5s, offered at 93, only $750,000 taken; $15,000,000 Union of South Africa 4s, offered at par, only $900,000 taken; $10,000,000 Western Australia 4s, offered at 98½, only $1,300,000 taken. Out of ten great London offerings, which asked for nearly $138,000,000, only $13,500,000 was taken by the public.

So unusual a series of unfavorable responses raised some questions. Was the supply of investment capital actually too deficient, through actual shortage or through use in other directions, to meet the demands of borrowing Governments and corporations? Or were investors so fearful of a great political or financial calamity, that most of them would not part with their capital on any terms? Or were they reserving their funds for other and still more important impending loans? Or had they reached the conclusion that, through increased gold production or for other causes, they must have a larger return for their invested money? Or were they merely convinced, because of one or two cases in point, that better bargains could be had by waiting until the new securities had failed to be covered at the sale and were left with the underwriters, to be disposed of on the best terms obtainable? Any of these hypotheses was plausible; it was hoped that last week's two large sales would indicate which of the suggested causes was really the main consideration.

It cannot be said, perhaps, that the outcome of the week's two offerings conclusively answered this question; still, the results were at least suggestive. The New York city bonds were 70 per cent. oversubscribed in Tuesday's bidding; but, in spite of their high rate of interest and their undoubted security, they brought on the average only a trifle above 100⅛. Thus they seemed to confirm the bankers' theory, widely asserted after the St. Paul bond sale, that for the present, at any rate, the market for all but the highest grade of new securities was on or near a 5 per cent. basis. The Chinese loan in Europe had a different result. Offered at 90, the $37,500,000 London allotment was more than fifteen times oversubscribed, and bidders received only 2 to 5 per cent. of their applications. The Berlin portion was covered at least five times over.

Now the Chinese bonds, at the offered price, yielded more than 5½ per cent. to the investor; but, on the other hand, the security for a loan issued by an experimental revolutionary Government was certainly not of the highest quality. Therefore the loan must be classed as a success, and inference is reasonably plain that capital can be had abroad, even with Europe's present deadlocked money markets, to meet these large demands. But in that regard, a not dissimilar conclusion may be fairly drawn from the New York city episode. At a price, borrowing corporations and Governments in good standing can get their money.

But at what price? That is the still unsettled question. Owners of capital are clearly both able to dictate terms and disposed to do so. But whether this is because a permanently new rate of return on such capital has now been somehow fixed, or because the immediate demands from such borrowers exceed the available increment of new capital, or because some investors refuse to lend at all, leaving the rest in control of the situation—these problems are still debatable.

It is probably true that the second and third of the above-suggested explanations, which would reflect a more or less temporary condition, are those most favored by practical authorities. The foreign situation is clearly abnormal, and largely dependent on political affairs. But there would still remain, even if trouble of that nature were to be removed, the simultaneous and enormous requisitions by the younger outside communities of the world, and by European states with ambitions for larger armaments.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, A. H. Collected Verses. London: Whitcombe & Tombs, Ltd.
Adams, A. H. London Streets. London: T. N. Foulis.
Adams, A. H. The Nazarene: A Study of a Man. London: Philip Wellby.
Adams, John. The Man Among the Myrtles: A Study in Zechariah's Visions. Scribner. 60 cents net.
American Antiquarian Society Proceedings, 1812-1849; Proceedings of Annual Meeting, 1912. Worcester, Mass.: The Society.
Bigelow, John. Retrospections of an Active Life. Vols. IV and V. Doubleday, Page.
Carden, R. W. Michelangelo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Churchill, Winston. The Inside of the Cup. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Clarke, J. F. William Hull and the Surrender of Detroit. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis Co.
Cole, Fay-Cooper. Chinese Pottery in the Philippines. Chicago: Field Museum of Natural History.
Collier, Price. Germany and the Germans. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Duffield, J. W. Bert Wilson's Fadeaway Ball; Bert Wilson at the Wheel. Sully & Kleinteich. 60 cents each.
Eastman, Max. Child of the Amazons, and Other Poems. London: Kennerley. $1 net.
Fairchild, H. P. Immigration. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Fassig, O. L. Hurricanes of the West Indies. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office. $1.50.
Fox, S. F. A Chain of Prayer Across the Ages. Dutton. $2 net.
Getting Together: Essays on the Regulative Ideas of Religious Thought. Ed. by J. M. Whiton. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50 net.

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Goethe's Poetry and Truth. Revised translation by M. S. Smith. 2 vols. (Bohn's Library series.) Macmillan. 35 cents each.
Halford, F. M. The Dry-Fly Man's Handbook. Dutton. $6 net.
Hamilton, Cosmo. A Plea for the Younger Generation. Doran. 75 cents net.
Henry, A. Peter and the Fairies. Chicago: Brothers of the Book.
Herms, W. B. Parasitology. Macmillan. 80 cents.
Hinkley, Holmes. Autobiography, edited by W. S. Hinchman. Cambridge: Riverside Press.
Hornblow, Arthur. The Mask. Dillingham.
Janis, Elsie. Love Letters of an Actress. D. Appleton.
Jusserand, J. J. Ronsard. Paris: Hachette.
Kellog, P. D. Untravelled Paths (Sentiers inexplorés). Paris: Sansot et Cie.
Kneeland, G. J. Commercialized Prostitution in New York City. Century Co.
Lamb, Charles and Mary. Works, edited by E. V. Lucas. 6 vols. Macmillan. $9 net per set.
Lamszus, Wilhelm. The Human Slaughter-House. Trans. from the German by O. Williams. Stokes. 50 cents net.
Levine, S. W. The Business of Pawnbroking. D. Halpern Co. $3 net.
Loeb Classical Library. Quintus Smyrnæus. English trans. by A. S. Way. Macmillan. $1.50.
London, Jack. The Abysmal Brute. Century. $1 net.
McVey, F. L. The Making of a Town. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.
Mapes, C. H. The Man Who One Day a Year Would Go "Eelin'." Putnam.
Marjoribanks, Thomas. The Sevenfold "I Am." Scribner. 60 cents net.
Marks, Jeannette. Vacation Camping for Girls. D. Appleton. $1 net.
Marriott, Charles. The Catfish. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.
Maurice, C. E. Life of Octavia Hill, as Told in Her Letters. Macmillan. $5 net.
Meade, G. G. Life and Letters. 2 vols. Scribner. $7.50 net.
Missionary Explorers Among the American Indians. Ed. by M. G. Humphreys. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Mitchell, P. C. The Childhood of Animals. Stokes. $2.50 net.
Moore, B. F. The Supreme Court and Unconstitutional Legislation. (Col. Univ.) Longmans.
Mumford, E. W. Out of the Ashes. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.
Openshaw, Mary. Little Gray Girl. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Poore, H. R. The New Tendency in Art. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
Pryce, Richard. Novels—Time and the Woman. Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Richmond, Celia. America and England; Egypt, Greece, Rome. (School readers.) Boston: Ginn. 45 cents each.
Richmond, G. S. Mrs. Red Pepper. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Runkle, Bertha. The Scarlet Rider. Century. $1.35 net.
Scott, Morgan. The New Boys at Oakdale. Hurst & Co. 60 cents.
Sedaine's Le Philosophe sans le savoir. Variorum Critical Edition, based upon the second Paris edition of 1766, with introduction by T. E. Oliver. University of Illinois Bulletin. $1.75.
Smith, C. A. What Can Literature Do for Me? Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Sneath, E. H., and Hodges, G. Moral Training in the School and Home. Macmillan. 80 cents net.
Speed, Nell. Molly Brown's Senior Days. Hurst & Co. 60 cents.
Strindberg, August. Married. Boston: Luce. $1.40 net.
Strong, Josiah. Our World. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Subandhu's Vasavadatta: A Sanskrit Romance, trans., with notes, by L. H. Gray. (Col. Univ. Press.) Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50 net.
Taber, E. M. Stowe Notes: Letters and Verses. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3.50 net.
Tompkins, J. W. Ever After. Doubleday, Page. $1.20 net.
Van Saanen, M. L. Wild Grapes. Moffat, Yard. $1.35 net.
Van Vorst, Marie. His Love Story. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.20 net.
Watney, C., and Little, J. A. Industrial Welfare. Dutton. $2 net.
Whitelaw, Thomas. Jehovah—Jesus. Scribner. 60 cents net.
Withers, Hartley. Money-Changing. Dutton. $1.75 net.

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